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THE NEW MERCANTILE LIBRARY BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO.

THE new Mercantile Library Building, San Francisco, California, is considered the finest building of the kind in America. This is conceded by even Bostonians who have visited San Francisco. It is located on Bush Street, near Sansom, and was completed in December of last year. The building is three stories high, with an attic. Its frontage is 69 feet on one street and 136 on another. The style of architecture is the modern Italian, with a Mansard roof. The front, rising 65 feet to the cornice, is largely composed of cast and wrought iron, and the designs are elegant. In the rear, on the first-floor, there is an extensive lecture-room. On the second-floor is the library, smoking and chess room, ladies' parlor, and apartments for the use of the Library Association. Above, on the third story, is the reading-room, museum, and art-gallery. The attic is divided into twenty-five rooms, and is let for various purposes, many of the apartments being used as studios by some of the leading San Francisco artists.

THE PLACE OF ARMS, HAVANA.

THE beautiful situation of the chief city of Cuba, on the western shore of a magnificent landlocked harbor, from which it slopes into the luxuriant uplands, clothed with dark verdure of the cocoa-nut palm groves, and adorned with numerous villas, has often been described. The interior of Havana, with its mean and narrow streets, except in one or two modern quarters of the city, is scarcely worthy of its commercial and political importance. The Plaza de Armas, shown in our engraving, is tolerably handsome, with several public edifices around it, and with two broad streets intersecting each other in the middle of the square, dividing it into four pleasant gardens or shrubberies. In the centre is a statue of FERDINAND VII., King of Spain, overtopped by four majestic palms. The palace of the Captain-General, or Viceroy of the island, fills one side of the square. Opposite to this stand several palaces, and a chapel is erected on the spot where, at the first founding of the city, the first mass was celebrated, under the shade of the ceiba-trees, some of which still exist. To the right are the Intendencia and other government buildings, and to the left is a line of houses and shops. During the daytime the burning heat of the tropical sun drives the Havana population into the shade of their own houses, or of the narrower and cooler streets; but in the cool of the evening the out-of-door life begins again. The military band performs every evening on the Plaza, and crowds of people swarm there to listen to the music. The streets are thronged with the elegant "Volanti" and "Quitrini," the characteristic national equipages, filled with ladies in brilliant toilets, while the promenaders enjoy the cool air beneath the starry sky or in the clear moonlight until the cessation of the music gives the sign for the gradual dispersion of the groups. Such is the aspect of the Plaza de Armas in peaceful times; but we had occasion, not many weeks ago, to give an illustration of a very different scene, when the Governor's palace was attacked at midnight by a mutinous mob of Spanish volunteer soldiery, whom the regular troops did not venture to disperse, so that General DULCE was forced to leave the island. Under the more vigorous government of his successor, General CABALLERO DE RODAS, the city of Havana is again tranquil; but the Cuban revolt is not yet subdued.

IMPORTED POULTRY.

THE attention paid by farmers and poultry-raisers to imported breeds recently introduced into this country was illustrated by the interest manifested in the sale of fowls at the rooms of the *American Agriculturist* on the 18th of August. These fowls were sent here by JAMES C. COOPER, of Cooper Hill, in Limerick, Ireland. Specimens of the lot are given in our illustrations on page 604.

Each of the different "fancy breeds" has its peculiar and special merit. They are all valuable for their size, delicacy, and laying qualities. Perhaps the most generally and deservedly popular fowl is the Houdan, unsurpassed even by the Dorking for quality of flesh or for size. They are very hardy, and good winter layers. Their plumage is a mixture of black and white in large spangles. They are of French origin, and, like the Dorking, have five toes.

The duck-winged game are birds possessing elegance of form and beautiful plumage, yet they are the best of layers, and the flavor of their flesh is beyond comparison with that of any other fowl. They are small eaters.

The dark Brahmas are bred heavier than any other, single specimens having been known to weigh thirteen, fifteen, and even eighteen pounds. The pullets lay when six months old, and usually from thirty to forty eggs before they are inclined to hatch. They often begin to lay in autumn, and continue without a single day's interruption till spring.

The black, white-crested Polands weigh from five to six pounds, have an erect and bold carriage, and their crests are large, full, and regular.

The Crevacœurs and Cochins are greatly preferred in France for the quantity and quality of their flesh. A full-grown cock often weighs ten pounds. They are easily raised in confinement, mature early, and lay large eggs. The Cochin chickens, though they feather slowly, are hardier than any other breed except the Brahmas, and will thrive where others would perish. They grow fast, and may be killed when twelve weeks old. They are gentle, can not fly, and the hens are unsurpassed as setters and mothers.

The silver-spangled Poland is a most beautiful breed. It is bred to a very good size—six to seven pounds in the cock and four to five in the hen being the average weight. The Poland is an affectionate bird. In favorable localities it is a prolific layer, and its flesh is remarkably good.

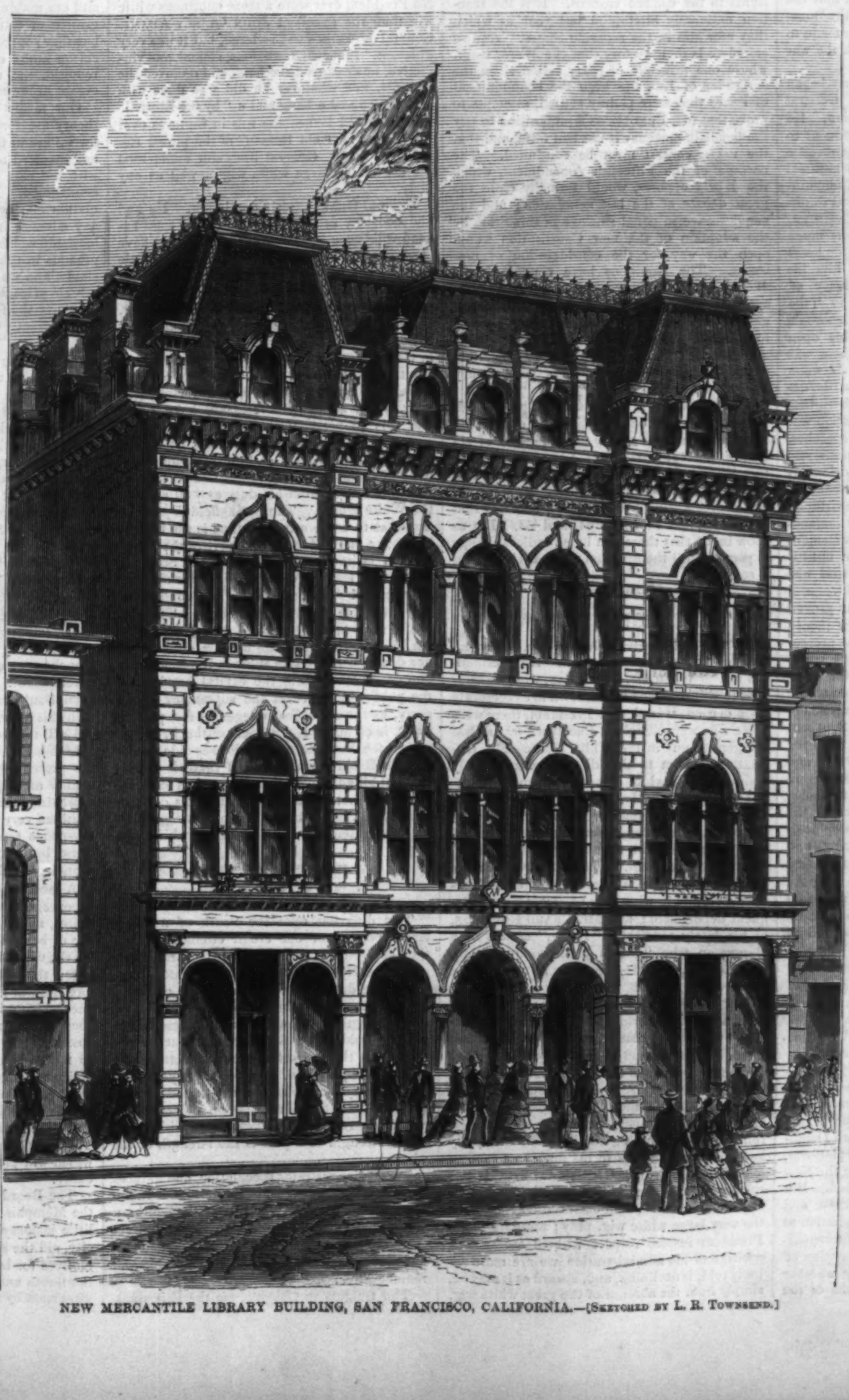
The La Fleche is a French variety peculiarly adapted to our Southern and Southwestern States. In colder climates they require great care, but they well repay it.

The Spanish breed, from which probably the La Fleche proceeds, is also sensitive to cold and dampness. They lay large white eggs, and, in moderate weather, very abundantly.

The Dorkings are an artificial and celebrated English breed. They are unsurpassed as table-fowls, combining the flavor and delicacy of game with an abundance of meat, and that in the choicest parts—the breast, merry-thought, and wings. The hen is an excellent setter and mother. The Dorking is a poor layer, especially in winter, and is difficult to raise in confinement.

The game Bantams are a comparatively recent variety of that breed, but they are hardier than any of the other varieties. They are delicate as food; there seems to be a peculiar closeness of texture in their meat, greater than in that of even their larger progenitors.

The Sebrights are a beautiful and ornamental variety, which may be recommended for exhibition, as well as for its intrinsic value.



NEW MERCANTILE LIBRARY BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.—[SKETCHED BY L. R. TOWNSEND.]

AN ESQUIMAUX PARLIAMENT.

AFTER the expenses of the very elaborate machinery of a company of Government merchants is defrayed, a quarter of the profits of the trade is credited to each district, to be again distributed among the natives. About $55,000 is the average amount derived from the sale of the oil, walrus, and narwhal ivory, whalebone, seal-skins, etc., in Copenhagen; and supposing the share of the profit from this falling to the settlement of Egedesminde to be $250, which is, I suspect, more than the average—it would be distributed in the course of the year by a sort of hyperborean Parliament called the Partisok. This assemblage is composed of representatives chosen by universal suffrage from all the little Esquimaux fishing-stations, each outpost returning one member—generally some talkative old fellow, not of much use as a seal-hunter, but who is intimately acquainted with every body. The president of this body is the governor, and the priest, doctor, and assistant trader have also seats in it. All the native members wear a scarlet cap with a white band, with the badge of the Royal Board of Greenland Trade in front—a bear rampant, its head surmounted by a crown. They meet generally in the winter, when traveling from settlement to settlement over the frozen sea is easy. Then assemble from all the outposts the claimants—the clients of the Partisok. A widow will say that her husband is dead, and it is now time that her boy should learn to kill seals in his kayak; but she can not afford to pay any body to teach him. The Partisok in its wisdom votes the munificent sum of five rigsdaler per annum for that purpose. Then a young fellow comes—blushing through the oleaginous dirt on his cheeks—and avows that he is going to be married, and has not money to purchase a musket or a kayak; and, with a deal of good advice from the assembled sages, he is lent the money for a term of years. Or a family is in poor circumstances, the seal-catcher of the family being sick, and to them a sum for their immediate necessities is voted; and so on until the balance is expended.

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THE DEMOCRATIC BOURBONS.

We have already mentioned the struggle in the Democratic party between the old and the new spirit, between the dogged retention of the old doctrines and policy and the sagacious adoption of new measures in harmony with the actual situation. The signs of the contest abound on every side. The different tone of the platforms in the various States, and the character and antecedents of the candidates of which we spoke last week, all reveal the want of a common conviction and a common purpose in the party. It begins to appear, however, that the progressive wing of the party yields to the Bourbons, and that one more effort will be made to prolong the angry debate out of which the war sprang.

This contest in the Democratic party began with its organization under Jackson. General Jackson was substantially a Jeffersonian. He was in favor of a restriction of government to the lowest terms, and although he approved a tariff for defense, he was opposed to a national system of internal improvements and magnificent enterprises. Long before General Jackson thought of the Presidency, Mr. Calhoun, whose general political philosophy was much less sound than Jackson's, had fixed his heart upon it. His instinct indicated to him his chief rival, and during the Presidency of Monroe Mr. Calhoun was hostile to "the hero," who did not suspect it. Jackson's election presently made Calhoun his open enemy. The first contest between them was the nullification movement of 1832. Jackson was honestly a Union man, and heartily despised as well as disbelieved the Southern theory of the government. His proclamation was as admirable and sound as Webster's speeches, and he made preparations to keep the peace and enforce the law. In the latter resolution his party supported him. But in his Message of 1832, previous to the proclamation, he virtually recommended the policy that Calhoun demanded. From that moment the Calhoun element in the Democratic party grew stronger, until it absolutely controlled it, and the war that was always latent in that element broke out.

The conduct and event of the war proved that the people rejected the Calhoun theory while they destroyed slavery, for whose protection the theory was urged. The Democratic party, as a party, passively opposed the war; and at its end the party organization remained. The internal conflict was therefore inevitable. There were the party traditions, the Southern alliance, and the hatred of the negro, with the old party leaders, apologists of slavery, and supporters of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions—in fact, the Calhoun men, on one side; and on the other, the fresher element of the party, young proselytes who held philosophically to the limited functions of government, and who insisted upon abandoning the plainly closed issues of the last generation. Of this wing the New York *World* became the organ; a journal skillfully and intelligently managed, but whose tone of light mockery has always paralyzed its influence and destroyed its power.

In the Democratic National Convention of 1868 the two wings of the party met and tried conclusions. Calhoun reappeared in the flesh as Wade Hampton, and he swept all before him. The New York managers had secured the meeting of the Convention in Tammany Hall itself, and intended to secure their preference in the nomination. But the wilier the New York plotting the more conspicuous was the triumph of South Carolina. One of the ablest and most honorable of New York Democrats, Henry C. Murphy, reported the platform, and the New York trick of nominating the New Yorker, Horatio Seymour, succeeded. But Mr. Murphy's platform was repudiation, and Mr. Seymour, who had opposed repudiation at Tweddle Hall, accepted as his own the repudiating platform of Tammany. The question of the campaign, therefore, was simply whether the people would surrender the results of the war, and the election of General Grant was the answer.

The progressive wing of the party was compelled to submit to the Bourbons of the Convention, and their hopes of the prompt abandonment of old issues and a bold dash at the future in the nomination of Mr. Chase being baffled, the progressives made a show of falling into line; but after the premonitory thunder of Maine and Pennsylvania the *World* called for a change of front, which was a confession of inevitable defeat. It came, and the new men naturally supposed that it would instruct the Bourbons. But they forgot that nothing can instruct the Bourbons. The *World* hailed the nomination of General Rosecrans in Ohio, urged that of General Hancock in Pennsylvania, and rejoices over that of John Quincy Adams in Massachusetts. It has stringently set forth that common-sense demands acquiescence in what is actually accomplished. But it pleads in vain. The Bourbons conquer. General Rosecrans, in declining, echoes the *World;* and the Bourbons nominate in his place Vallandigham's candidate, Pendleton, the chief national representative of repudiation; and in Pennsylvania Asa Packer, an extreme Bourbon; and answer John Quincy Adams's speech, advising a general renunciation of old issues, by the stolid declaration of the platform that they change nothing.

Not content with condemning the war by replacing Rosecrans, a Union general, by Pendleton, a Vallandigham Copperhead and repudiator, and by preferring Packer to Hancock, the Bourbons now begin to demand the head of the Chairman of the National Committee, who opposes repudiation. They will not demand it in vain. Every where, also, the Bourbons insist upon opposition to the Fifteenth Amendment, and the refusal of equal rights to the colored citizens. It is the reaction nationally attempted last year at which they now aim in the separate States. And so complete is their victory that the *World* itself, whose one principle of party action since the surrender of Lee has been the abandonment of issues that were plainly settled, attempts to prove that Mr. Pendleton's proposition to pay the bonds in currency is not bad faith, and that the negro contest must be continued. The passage of the Fifteenth Amendment, which the *World* opposes, would formally close the great debate of the last generation; and the acquiescence in equal suffrage in this State by the adoption of the new Constitution would open the way for the consideration of new issues. The Bourbons have conquered the *World*, which has surrendered every advantage that the result of the Presidential election gave it. It hurrahs for Pendleton and hurrahs for Adams. It is like hurrahing for Jackson and then for Calhoun. As for its Democratic readers, "Gentlemen, you pays your money and you takes your choice."

The question for the country then is, shall we put the negro out of politics by completing the work which is nearly accomplished of securing his equal rights? Let the voters in this State, and in every State, remember that the Bourbons insist upon fighting the same old battle over again. We fought it in a way that they remember in 1860, '64, and '68. Let us show in '69 that there can be no radical change in parties until the question which divides them is settled.

THE LARGE WHITE WIG.

In one of his private letters Mr. Webster speaks of a gentleman who had "the Presidential air." When Mr. Buchanan, who, as Minister in England, had been known to expectorate upon carpets, was elected President, there were those who were delighted that there was at last "a gentleman" in the White House—Mr. Buchanan's claim to that distinction apparently residing in his white cravat. When Mr. Lincoln succeeded Mr. Buchanan there were sunny Southern "gentlemen" who could easily break an oath to the government, but who bitterly regretted that such an "uncouth boor" was made President. Undoubtedly there are many persons who take great comfort in Turveydrops, and in what may be called a grandiloquent deportment; and Mr. Crabb Robinson, in his lately published "Diary," speaks of a clergyman who "was a gentlemanly person, and inspired respect—especially by a very large white wig."

It happens that President Grant does not wear a very large white wig of any kind whatever, and for that reason, apparently, he forfeits a good deal of respect in certain quarters. The great constituency of Buncombe, for instance, is in high wrath. Here is a President who is one of the simplest of men. He does every thing in the quietest manner. He takes no attitudes, rolls off no resounding twaddle, but tranquilly and efficiently attends to his duty as a modest and faithful officer. "Is this brilliant, is this splendid, is this the Presidential air?" roars indignant Buncombe, with one accord; "where is the very large white wig, pray; and how can a President inspire respect without it?" The prestige of his administration, we are more soberly told, is declining, and, absurd as it may be, simply from the absence of the great white wig.

This is very possible. There is such an immense quantity of white wig in our politics and statesmanship that its absence may really appear to some persons to be the absence of wisdom. If General Grant had only followed the counsels of Buncombe—if he had staid steadily in the White House, and had made solemn speeches to complimentary delegations—if he had surrounded himself with reporters, and loudly expressed declarations of doing this and that—if to all invitations he had replied in fine flights of epistolary eloquence instead of by a plain yes and no—if he had only worn an immense white wig that could be seen from every corner of the Union, even the Turveydrops would have conceded to him the Presidential air, and his administration, being, as it is, really efficient and economical, would have been saluted as splendid.

The truth is, that we Americans like rhetoric and flap-doodle, and what is very commonly and expressively called "squirt." Our representatives talk to Buncombe, not to the House. The very nature of our political debates in late years has increased this tendency, because they have dealt with the rights of human nature and with moral duties. Before this debate fairly began the questions at issue also admitted of magnificence in the treatment. After the war of 1812 there was the tariff, "the American system," internal improvements, and a national university. Thus President John Quincy Adams, unlike his grandson, amplified the functions of government. A classical scholar and well-read in history, he enriched his messages with allusions to the monuments of Rome, the aqueducts, the highways, and he filled the national imagination with the vision of a vast system of explorations, and structures, and institutions, which were all words, but such amazingly fine words that they did duty for things. No President ever wore a more enormous white wig than the excellent John Quincy Adams. General Jackson's was as large, but it was very different. Ignorant, imperious, violent, and vindictive, he destroyed the bank and removed the deposits, and whatever he did was done with such a slap and a bang and a "by the Eternal" that delighted Buncombe was in raptures over the hero as an "old Roman" of the purest Republican type. General Jackson understood the use of the large white wig as well as any body.

General Grant utterly despises it. He and his Secretary of State are two of the least bewigged personages that American politics have produced. They do their work with so little swagger that those who confound bluster with business suppose that it is not done. The President leaves the White House in the summer, as most Presidents have done, and as all ought to do. Instead of going to the Soldiers' Home in Georgetown he moves leisurely from point to point, not far away from Washington. He travels as quietly as he can, not making a progress as so many Presidents have done, and very properly, if they liked it. He has a most edifying and amusing contempt for the gibes that are thrown at him, conscious that none of them can really injure him so long as he is not truant from his duty as well as from the White House. The Springfield *Republican* says that to while away the time is the task of kings, not of Presidents, and advises the President, if he must travel, to go to the Southern States, and learn to distinguish his friends from his enemies. To such a sneer the conduct of the President is sufficient answer. There is not a man in the Southern States who does not know with which side are his sympathies, nor does the *Republican* show in the least point how his absence from the capital has injured the public welfare. If the supremacy of the party, as the *Republican* alleges, is fast passing away, it certainly is not because the President passes the hot weather at the sea-side rather than in Georgetown. And if there is a feeling that his administration disappoints expectation, it is not because of what it has done or failed to do, but of its total want of swagger, its unprecedented freedom from large white wiggery.

THE FALL TRADE.

The diffusion over the South of a much larger portion of our credit circulation than they enjoyed last year has had the same effect upon the Northern and Eastern States, from which the drain proceeded, as if the currency had been to that extent contracted. The South, thus strengthened, have powerful reasons not only for holding all that they can, but for obtaining, as the fruit of the crop of cotton now about to be gathered, as much money as may be necessary for the convenient prosecution of all their various industries—an object which can not be regarded otherwise than with favor, as the strength of a part is the strength of the whole.

This policy restrains speculation, and induces great caution on the part of buyers. The transfer of capital from the Northern to the Southern section has made money less plentiful; but yet there are many reasons for the confidence still felt that the fall trade will be considerable and remunerative.

The freights to Chicago, *via* the Erie road, were raised from 38 cents per hundred to 43 cents for first-class goods; but this, which is the rate on other lines and very nearly the measure for other points, is so far below the combination rates which lately prevailed that it still stimulates to activity in the hope of moving goods before the expected advance in freight occurs. A low rate by one line controls the price by the other great lines, and it may be that the Erie, which acts capriciously and scarcely at all with a view to remunerating its stockholders, may for some time obstruct any complete arrangement. There are intimations of a moderate advance next week.

So far as dry-goods are concerned, their price turns largely upon that of raw cotton, present and prospective; and it is to the judgment which individual buyers of dry-goods form on this point that they are free or cautious purchasers. The price of raw cotton is still maintained in foreign and home markets at a high figure—higher than is warranted by the interests of manufacturing industry here and abroad.

It would seem from the experience in the trade which we have lately had that more looms for both cotton and wool have been running than can be supported by consumption, and that this excess of production has not been corrected by the necessary suspension of work in England and in this country. This species of property feels the effect of this condition of the trade, and must continue to do so until a proper adjustment has been reached between what is produced and what is consumed, and between the price of the raw material and of manufactures. That such an adjustment must take place is very evident, accompanied with important effects.

It is thought to be somewhat singular, in the face of these facts, that the English are complaining of an insufficiency of the raw material, and are making powerful efforts to increase the growth of cotton in their Indian possessions; but they suppose that the present high price of cotton limits consumption, and that if it were reduced, the use of manufactures would increase in the same proportion.

Our means of testing the accuracy of this theory are fortunately less ample than theirs, for we are in the midst of thriving populations not required to look to the cost of necessaries with the care to which older communities are condemned. In England there is a large population on the verge of pauperism, to whom any advance in the price of commodities is a hardship which must be met by economy. We produce in this country a large portion of the staple, and we share more in the advantage of a high price for it than do the English, who must pay the foreigner the whole excess.

The greatly improved condition of the Southern States is a contribution made from the manufacturing industry of the whole world, and is a fortunate result of circumstances not likely to be of long duration. The sale of the last year's crop has been managed with great adroitness from a clear comprehension of the whole situation, on the part of an intelligent body of planters and merchants, who have undoubtedly combined to produce the result. The tendency hereafter will be in the direction of more reasonable rewards; but it is safe to say that cotton in the South can not be produced at a loss as long as the opinion prevails among British manufacturers that the whole production is inadequate. The means do not exist for an immediate extension of the cultivation in India. Expensive irrigation, model farms to instruct the Ryots, and a large increase of railroad facilities, are the means recommended at Manchester; and these require time for their development. It is safe, therefore, to urge upon Southern planters to go on vigorously with this great industry.

Until the new crop begins to come forward, it is thought, from the combined influence of the present deficiency in middlings of good quality and the resort on the part of mills to short time, that the price of cotton fabrics will continue very firm. The recent activity in the dry-goods trade is due in great part to this cause, but also to the fact that country distributors have light stocks.

A meeting was recently held in Liverpool to encourage a direct trade with the Southern States, and cut off New York from the advantage of being the chief importer and distributor for the whole Union. A planter from Memphis urged this policy, which had its advocates before the war as part of the scheme of independence which was formed for the protection of the peculiar institution of the South. If it was impossible then to secure this change it must be so now, when the chief object of this isolated policy no longer exists. The eminence of New York in trade is not due to circumstances that can be controlled. The business of importation and distribution can be done cheaper by New York than by any Southern port; and it is this which will prevent its transfer to any other locality.

The Board which was convened to listen to the Memphis appeal would, perhaps, from some little jealousy of the growing influence of this city, aid the scheme if it were possible; but the motives for building up a direct trade between the South and foreign parts have been so much weakened by recent events, and the motives for a more perfect union are now so powerful, that it may be safe to predict that the loss attending such an attempt will not now be incurred.

SENATOR BROWNLOW AND THE TENNESSEE ELECTION.

In the Knoxville *Whig* of August 31 Senator Brownlow makes a courteous reply to our suggestion that he should explain why he wished "a sound and reliable Republican" to be elected Governor by those who will not elect such a Republican Senator.

The Senator says that the Convention having failed to nominate, he was at liberty to choose between the two Republican candidates, and he believed Mr. Senter to be the better man. Personal jealousy had nothing to do with his decision. As to the franchise, he thought it safe and necessary to restore it to those who had forfeited it by rebellion, and among the considerations that influenced him was the fact that the Supreme Court had restored some twenty thousand, including most of the leaders, and he saw no reason for further excluding the rank and file. Yet he thought it should be done in a constitutional manner by a convention. For "jumping the question" by improperly manipulating the registration, however, the Senator claims that he is not responsible. He is of opinion that Senter's Republican vote would have been larger except for the interference of the Secretary of the Treasury and the Postmaster-General, but that his Republican vote is too large to be disregarded. For the possible action of the Legislature in electing a Democratic Senator and rejecting the Fifteenth Amendment, Senator Brownlow declines to be held responsible. Should it do both, he says that his action in the premises will be determined by his convictions of duty.

The Senator thus rests his support of Mr. Senter upon his personal knowledge and preference. But when the registry was "manipulated" under the auspices of Mr. Senter, in what Mr. Brownlow believed to be an unconstitutional manner, was it not plain that the candidate whom he preferred was willing to be elected by unconstitutional means, and by the votes of those who were unfriendly to his professed principles and to those of Senator Brownlow; and was it not equally plain that Mr. Senter's election under such circumstances, although he was personally a Republican, could not be considered a Republican victory, and must necessarily give the Legislature and the Senator to the Democrats and defeat the amendment? Is it surprising that, under such circumstances, Republicans out of the State who knew the Senator's fidelity thought that he should postpone his personal preference to the general advantage? However wise and desirable the removal of disability may have been, the Senator himself concedes that the registry was "improperly manipulated." He thus aided a result which was due to questionable means, and which gives him an opponent of the Administration as a colleague. Senator Brownlow certainly has the right to vote for the candidate whom he prefers. But a party man must see that when a Republican supports the candidate whom all the Democrats support he is helping to bring the Democrats into power. This he will of course do when he prefers the Democratic policy. But as we can not see that Mr. Senter's success was essential to general enfranchisement, we must regret that the Republicans did not leave him to be elected, if that were inevitable, by the "manipulated" votes.

THE CHINESE TROUBLE.

Mr. J. Ross Browne, late Minister to China, denies that he has opposed the ratification of Mr. Burlingame's Chinese treaty, or that he has stated that it would be rejected. But Mr. Browne's reply to an address of the British and American merchants in Shanghai shows that his view of the true policy to be observed toward China is radically antagonistic to that of Mr. Burlingame. The treaty negotiated by the latter was an arrangement between two absolutely independent and sovereign nations. Mr. Browne, on the contrary, says that in his judgment China should be treated as a power sovereign in its political aspect, "but possessing an organization incompatible with absolute equality." "We carry on business here," says Mr. Browne, substantially, "by force and against the will of the Chinese; it is, therefore, child's play to profess to respect a sovereignty which we practically disregard. It may be necessary, for our interests, to regulate the internal affairs of the country, and we had better not say in advance that we will not do so." In fine, Mr. Browne would have us treat the Chinese just as the Europeans treated the West Indians—that is, make our pleasure and interest the law of the country. In this spirit he virtually says to Prince Kung, the Chinese Minister, that he must hasten to do certain things or they would be done for him.

This policy seems to us neither honorable nor wise. Nothing, certainly, can be more disgraceful than the old British policy in China; and really it is not easy to see how it differed from this. Its principle was that the Chinese were barbarians in possession of a vast country, some of whose productions were desired by England, and should be had at any cost. Suppose that England were to inform us that our tariff was a barbarous Chinese policy, that Chinese policy was distasteful to England, and that if we did not "hurry up" and establish free trade she would do it for us, as she was resolved to trade with us upon conditions agreeable to herself. If China is to be treated as an incompetent child because of her barbarian exclusion of the rest of the world, why is not this country equally childish and barbarous in the degree that it excludes the rest of the world? Mr. Browne will see that there is a sad confusion of beams and motes here. His policy is untenable. We ought to trade with China upon terms agreeable to China, not upon such terms as we choose.

If, indeed, we deny the right of "an ignorant pagan nation," as Mr. Browne calls the Chinese, "to do as it pleases," of course a treaty like Mr. Burlingame's is ridiculous. But by what right does Mr. Browne make the supposed pecuniary interest of what he is pleased to call a Christian nation the measure of its duty? Which was the more admirable, the conduct of Christian and intelligent England making war upon China to open a market for opium, or that of the ignorant pagan nation refusing to submit? If England can not carry on an opium trade with China except at the cost of war, is that trade so essential to Christian civilization that the war is justifiable? And if Chinese pagans do not choose to sell tea and chow-chow to Christian Americans, shall we cut their pagan throats by way of persuasion?

If, as Mr. Browne alleges, there is really no authority in China to enforce treaties, that is a good reason for not making them. But that has nothing to do with ignorance and paganism and our right to do what we choose with ignorant and pagan nations. In the eye of what are technically called Christian nations, Turkey is both ignorant and pagan; but we contrive to maintain equal and friendly relations with the Sublime Porte. If it be a fact that the condition of China is such that foreign merchants can only protect themselves by training guns upon the local authorities, then it is certainly not a country to which we should send a minister any more than to New Zealand or Madagascar. But we ought certainly to come to some conclusion. If Mr. Browne's statements are correct, we ought to withdraw from a treaty with a government that can not protect our citizens, and which is, therefore, of course, incompetent to observe the stipulations of a treaty.

NOTES.

It has never been surprising to those who knew that Mr. Belmont was a gentleman of ample fortune that he was made Chairman of the National Democratic Committee. But there is evident discontent in a part of the Democratic happy family. There are those who think that the other statesman, Mr. William M. Tweed, would be a more successful manager. Perhaps it would not be so easy to furnish majorities for the whole country, upon information by telegraph, as it is to the State of New York, but what could be done in that direction Mr. Tweed is unquestionably the man to do. Yet there are skeptics even among his party friends. Just before the nomination of Mr. Horatio Seymour and General Francis P. Blair we met one of the sturdiest of Democratic hunkers from the rural districts. Speaking of the impending nomination of the Chief Justice, which Mr. Tweed was supposed to favor, we remarked that it would be edifying to see so unmitigated a Hard-Shell as our interlocutor voting for so original an abolitionist as Mr. Chase. The sturdy hunker, with certain forcible epithets, replied, "I've just seen Bill Tweed, and I told him that he could manage this city very well, but that the United States were too (*compound expletive*) big for him!" They certainly were so for the present honorable chairman.

The course of Philosophical and Literary lectures proposed by the new President at Harvard College is not only sure to be most attractive and valuable, but it is a sign of vitality and resolution to keep pace with the rapid movement of the times. Mr. Emerson lectures upon "The Natural History of the Intellect," by which we understand him to propose a series of discourses upon memory, imagination, etc., which will be treated not from the point of view of any "school," but by the insight of genius. Professor Bowen lectures upon Locke and the Philosophy of the Sixteenth Century. Professor Hedge, a most admirably accomplished scholar, upon Theism, Pantheism, and Atheism. The two new names in this department are J. Eliot Cabot upon "Kant," and John Fiske upon "The Positive Philosophy." Mr. Cabot is a scholar of very remarkable and various acquirements, thoroughly familiar with the German philosophy, as with other and wholly different departments; and Mr. Fiske, a younger man, is known as the author of a reply to Mr. Parton's pamphlet upon smoking and drinking, and of the more elaborate literary reviews in the *World*, among which a sketch of Greek life published last winter was a very striking paper. Mr. Fiske's scholarship is extensive and accurate, and he has proved his power to deal vigorously and brilliantly with his subject by two articles in the English *Fortnightly Review* of last year. In the Literary course the names are Professor Böcher, upon the French Comedy of the 17th Century; "History and Relations of the German Language," by Professor W. D. Whitney; "Goethe and Schiller," by Professor Cutler—all of whom have the best reputation in their departments. There are then "English Poetry of the 13th and 14th Centuries," by Professor Francis J. Child, who is unquestionably the master of American, and certainly the peer of English, scholars in that subject. It is to Professor Child that we owe the recovery of the original Percy manuscript, and from him that the best edition of Chaucer is expected. Professor James Russell Lowell lectures upon "Early Italian and Spanish Literature." Those who have heard him upon Dante know with what wealth of knowledge, what delicacy of insight, what subtlety of humor and fine imagination, what deep and noble sympathy, what generous wisdom, he will treat his subject; while the "New Italian Literature" will be presented by William D. Howells, whose articles in the *North American* upon the subject show the utmost familiarity with it, and are full of that thoughtfulness, tender grace, and sweet, sparkling humor which are displayed with inexpressible charm in his two books of life in Italy. The Literary course begins on the 13th of September, the Philosophical upon the 14th: the fees for both courses will be $300, and they are open to all "competent persons, men or women."

The Secretary of State has written an admirable letter to the Vice Consul-General, at Havana, upon the abuses of American citizenship. Certain Cubans have been naturalized in this country, and returning to Cuba have concealed the fact, and even accepted offices that can be conferred only upon Spanish subjects. Of course, when some duty to the Spanish Government was to be enforced at personal cost, these persons declare that they are citizens of the United States. Mr. Fish states that both native and naturalized citizens are entitled to the same protection from this government, but that it is very possible for any of the latter class to return to their native country and pass for native subjects or citizens with improper intentions. He instructs the Consul to use his discretion in case of all such applications, and to interfere only when he is convinced that the applicant has in good faith maintained his allegiance to this country. We hope that this is not to be considered another illustration of the base truckling of this government to the bloated despotism of Spain. Upon the face of it, it seems as fair and honorable as enforcing the Neutrality laws. But when Spain once has a nation under her thumb, as it is declared that she has had us throughout the Cuban business, every action of a subject Secretary must be suspiciously scrutinized.

Mr. Lossing's "Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution" is universally known as one of the most delightful and valuable of histories for the family library. It was the result of careful study and personal exploration with pen and pencil in hand; and it was so warmly received that the author naturally continued his work, and the Harpers have just issued the "Pictorial Field-Book of the War of 1812," which resumes the national story where it was left by the first work, and brings it down to the peace of 1815. Beginning with a faithful sketch of the condition of the country after the Revolution, the rise of parties, the war with Barbary, and the European wars, it proceeds to develop the causes of our second war with Great Britain, which it then describes in most ample and interesting detail, with every kind of quaint and attractive illustration, and in a familiar and simple style. The research and labor in both these works are very great, and they are treasuries of important facts. Both books are most entertaining to readers of all ages, however familiar with the leading events, and are indispensable to every library.

The system of Lyceum lecturing has now become so extensive and complicated that a Bureau for conducting correspondence has become both a necessity and a convenience. The American Literary Bureau in this city has engaged in this work for three or four years with such success that it has now upon its list a great number of lecturers, among whom are some of the most desirable in the country. The value of the system adopted by the Bureau has long been proved in the Western States, and Lyceum committees will save themselves a great deal of trouble by putting themselves in communication with the American Literary Bureau, 132 Nassau Street.

It is time that the stockholders and directors of the city horse-cars heard the very general complaint of the cushioned seats which are supposed to be infected with disease, and known to be infested with vermin. The clean seat of narrow slats is universally demanded by intelligent public opinion. And who will doubt that Companies so eager to accommodate the public as the horse-car Companies are, which always forbid crowding their cars, for instance—who, we say, will doubt that, within a month, all the uncleanly cushions will have disappeared?

A clergyman in England lately published a work called the "Perfect Man," which the *Spectator* praised, but said that it had its origin in "Ecce Homo." The author thereupon wrote to the editor that his book was chiefly composed of sermons written during the year 1865, and was then laid by. Yet at the time he had written for it as a good title "Ecce Homo," which, of course, he rejected when he decided to publish his book, as his name had been already appropriated. It is another curious illustration of the apparent plagiarism and imitation of which literary history is so full.

An ingenious gentleman, signing himself President, bespeaks our sympathy in his proposition to establish the "Order of the Eagle," the object of which is to be "the saving of our country by the purifying of politics." Each member is to swear that he will support the Constitution, vote for the best candidate, and take no bribe. These are most excellent purposes, but as every honorable and intelligent citizen virtually takes this oath, as fast as he perceives the situation, the Order of the Eagle is already very much larger than its President is probably aware.

There is a new singer, and her name is Giulia Marinoni. She appeared at Milan last year, and has been singing in Sweden this year. Did Sweden wish to prove if she could rival "the Swedish nightingale?" With what curious memories Jenny Lind would listen! A correspondent writes to the *Tribune* that in an experience of twenty years he recalls no *débutante* who unites so many excellences and charms as Madame Marinoni. Indeed, he calls her an imminently formidable rival of Nilsson and Patti.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Attorney-General Hoar has given an opinion as to the administration of the test oath to the Virginia Legislature. He says that the Legislature must, as a prerequisite, submit the Constitution, and their action thereon, to Congress for approval. In this the test oath will not be required. If the Constitution and the action of the Legislature be approved, the Legislature then becomes the Legislature of the State of Virginia, and the provisions of the Constitution fixing the qualifications of members of the Legislature necessarily prevail—the requirements of the reconstruction acts being thus superseded so far as Virginia is concerned. But before such approval by Congress, Virginia not being in all respects a State of the Union, the Legislature, as a provisional body, can not pass laws without its members taking the test oath. The reconstruction acts require the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States before the State can be admitted to representation in Congress.

The diminution of the public debt during the month of August was over five and one-half millions. The reduction since March 1 has been $49,500,758.

From April 1 to August 31 24,328 immigrants arrived at Toronto. Of these only 7134 remained in Canada, the others coming to the United States.

The Thornton property, one of the old colonial estates of Virginia, lying on the Alexandria, Loudon, and Hampshire Railroad, and containing 7500 acres, has been sold to a Northern company for $150,000. It is to be divided up into small farms, and colonists from the North are to settle upon it.

On August 31 there was a fire at Cape May, which destroyed several hotels, including the United States and Atlantic, and numerous other buildings, involving a total loss of over a quarter of a million of dollars. The fire broke out at three o'clock in the morning, from the store of Boyton, known as the "pearl-diver," who was arrested during the day, charged with incendiarism.

The election of a Democratic Legislature in California will probably postpone the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment by that State.

The Republican State Convention of Wisconsin on the 1st instant nominated for Governor Lucius Fairchild, the present incumbent.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The monument commemorative of the Council, submitted to the Pope by his architect, Count Vespignani, has been approved. It will consist simply of the column of African marble from the emporium, raised on an hexagonal base, which will be enriched, on five of its faces, with bass-reliefs, representing the five parts of the world, while the sixth face will bear the arms of Pius IX., and the date of the opening and close of the Council. The column will be surmounted by a statue of Pius IX. pronouncing the benediction *urbi et orbi*. A few days ago the Holy Father inspected the structures erecting for the Council in St. Peter's, and evinced the greatest interest in every detail. The Pope has decided that the universal Catholic exhibition of 1870 shall be opened on February 1, and closed on June 1, and is reserving a large sum for the prizes and other expenses.

The German Governments are evidently seriously moved by the projects imputed to the Pope. They believe that the Œcumenical Council will modify the Syllabus so as to refuse to the state all control over the Catholic clergy. So grave is this danger considered, that the Bavarian Government has entered into a league with the Prussian to resist any innovation in this sense, and Prince Hohenlohe is furiously attacked in Rome as a traitor to Catholicism. It is affirmed semi-officially that the league covers all Germany, and that the Governments are determined not to recede one step. According to the Roman correspondent of the *Kreuz Zeitung*, it has been finally decided to proclaim the personal infallibility of the Pope and the bodily assumption of the Virgin. To the second dogma the Governments make no objection, but they dread, and will, we imagine, secretly resist, the first. An infallible priest might authorize resistance to a civil law.

The story of the imprisoned nun of Cracow has led to a very important anti-clerical agitation, both in Austria and Hungary. In the latter country, especially, it has given additional strength to the opposition which has for some time been growing up there against the pretensions of the Roman Catholic Church, and the Hungarian press now not only demands the suppression of all convents and monasteries, but also the abolition of the celibacy of the clergy.

The laity of the bishopric of Treves have petitioned their bishop in reference to the Œcumenical Council, asking for the abolition of the Index Librorum Prohibitorum. The people want to read what they choose without priestly dictation.

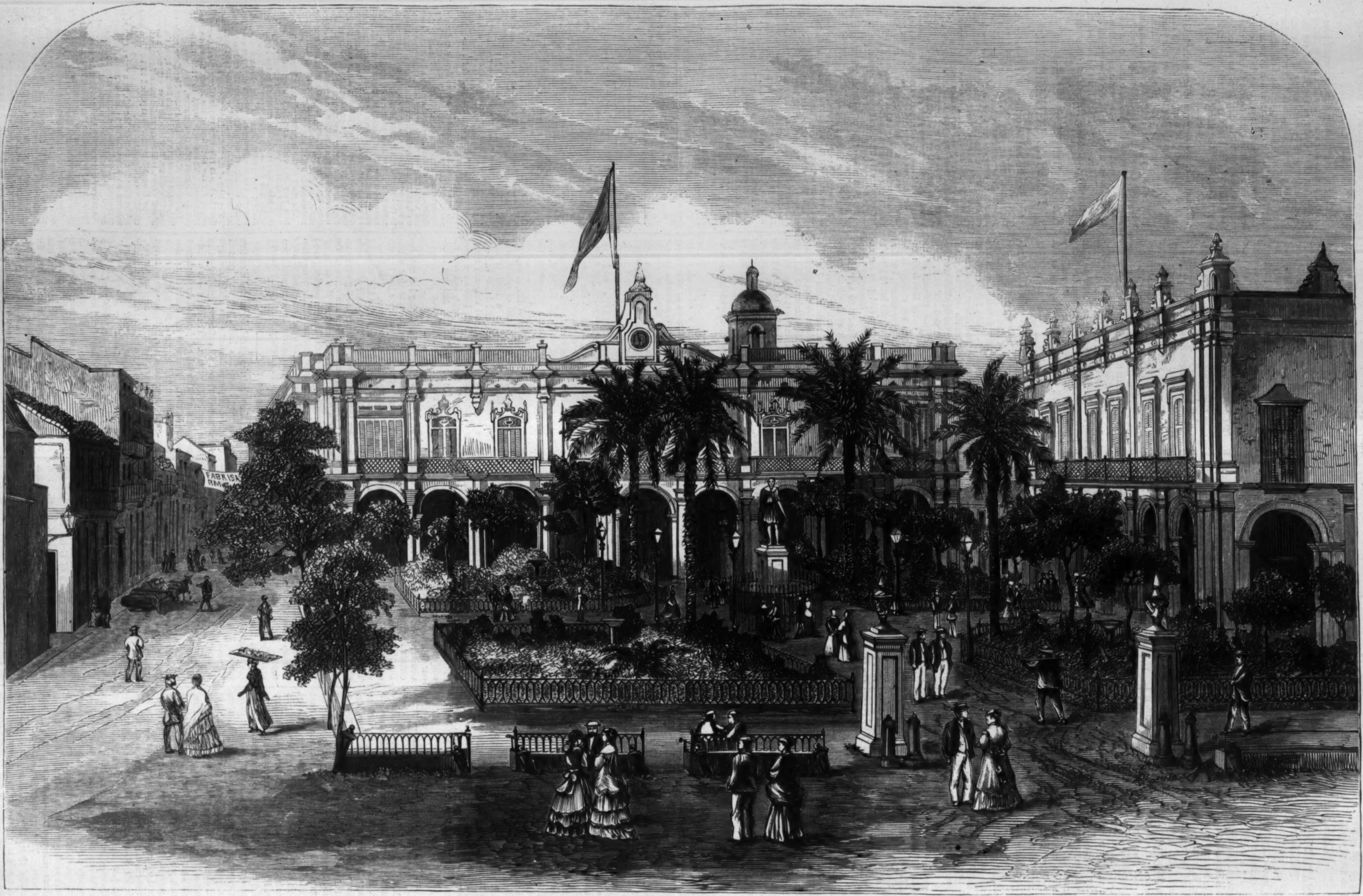
On the 1st of September Prince Napoleon made an important speech in the French Senate upon the Senatus Consultum, in which he gave expression to very liberal views, calling for additional reforms.

The French Emperor is reported to be in a very critical condition of health.

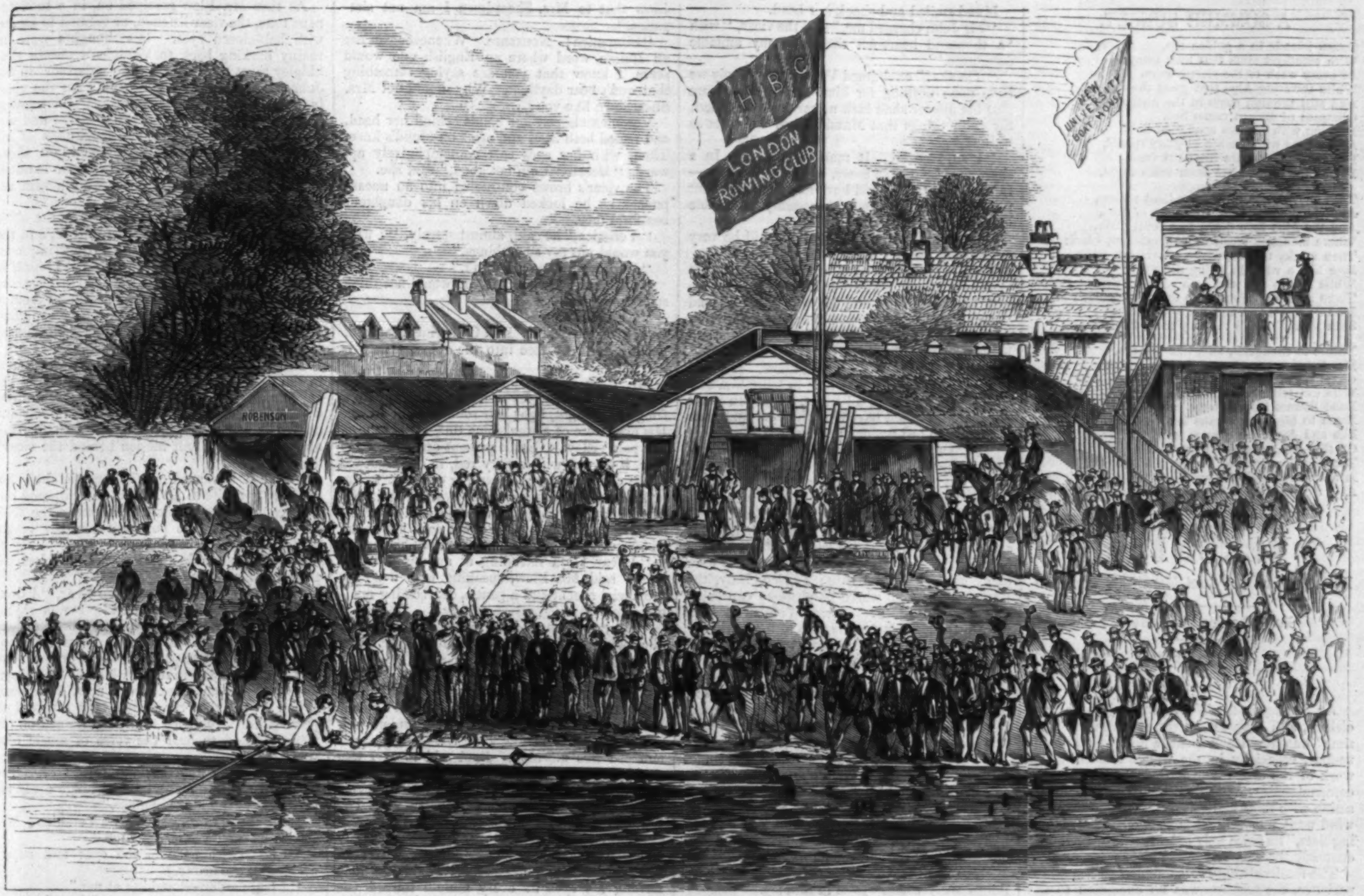
The French Senate on the 4th, by a vote of 113 to 9, rejected an amendment to the Senatus Consultum proposing liberal reforms in the constitution of the Senate. Prince Napoleon seconded the amendment.

A thermometer which has been kept for seventy-five years in the vaults of the Paris Observatory, at a depth of ninety-one feet below the surface, has not varied more than half a degree during the entire interval.

The great ship-canal which is to connect Amsterdam with the North Sea, at a cost of 27,000,000 guilders, is now once more in progress, the Government of the Netherlands having relieved the contractors of certain difficulties which for a time hindered the work. The canal will be about fifteen miles in length. The opening of the new port as a harbor of refuge will be a boon to all the mariners who navigate the North Sea.



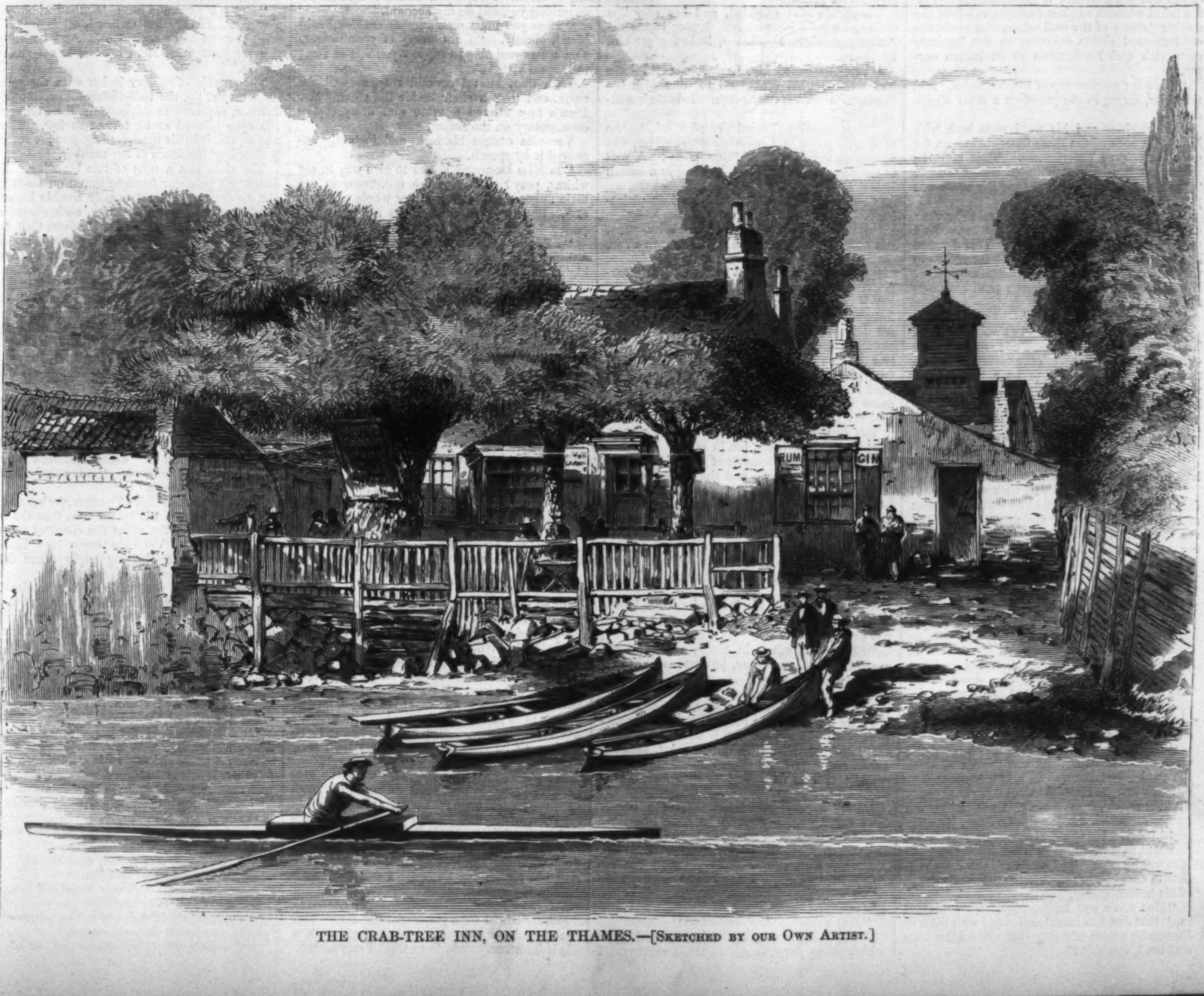
PLAZA DE ARMAS, HAVANA, SHOWING THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL'S PALACE.



BOAT-HOUSE OF THE LONDON ROWING CLUB, ON THE THAMES.—[SKETCHED BY OUR OWN ARTIST.]

VIEWS ON THE THAMES.

THOSE of our readers who have perused the accounts which have been given of the late international boat-race between the Harvard and Oxford crews will be interested in the views given on this page. They are views upon the Thames along the line of the race. One of them represents the boat-house of the London Rowing Club, the other Crab-Tree Inn, a favorite resort of boating-men. We have given these views from sketches by our own artist, from whose pencil we gave last week several equally characteristic representations connected with the great race. Before this reaches our readers the Harvard crew will have returned home.



THE CRAB-TREE INN, ON THE THAMES.—[SKETCHED BY OUR OWN ARTIST.]

A SUMMER SUNSET.

GREEN islands in a golden sea,
With amethyst cliffs that melt away
At every wash of the sleepy wave,
White towering Alps that greet the day;
And still through rents in the further space
Glimpses of distant ocean bed,
Burning with restless changeful light,
And veined with flushes of glory spread,
Far as the living are from the dead,
Far as the blessed are from hell's night.

Then the islands grow to radiant realms,
And shoot forth golden tongues of land,
And the Alps fade down to a level plain,
Where monsters troop in a threatening band;
Then murky towers, where ghosts can reign,
Rise like a wizard's dying dream;
While low in the west in a narrow vein
There spreads, through the dusk, one golden beam,
Like heaven's last and lingering gleam
Seen through hell's vista by those in pain.

Nature is changeful, and, like the sea,
Has its autumn ebb and its summer flow.
Cloudlets of morning pass with dawn;
Who can tell where the sunbeams go?
Dead flowers turn to mere earth at last,
Earth to blossoms breaks forth in May,
Life and death are ever at war
On this great chameleon world, I say;
Yet cloud or river, or leaf on the tree
Is not so changeful, it seems to me,
As a woman's mind—that a feather can sway.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book I.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. PLEW.

AT Shipley-in-the-Wold people dined at two o'clock, and took tea at six or seven. "Tea-time" was the vicar's favorite hour of the twenty-four, especially in the winter season. The work of the day was over. The fire blazed up companionably, and filled the pauses of conversation with light and warmth. And if a forlorn wind went moaning without upon the "glooming flats," its voice only heightened, by imagined contrast, the comforts of the ingle nook.

The family sitting-room—named in Daneshire parlance, the parlor—was no exception to the assertion that Shipley vicarage was an ugly house. Yet even here the magic of the leaping flame and glowing coals worked wonders. It sent flickering shadows to play over the bare ceiling; it made the glass panes of a tall book-case sparkle with flashing rubies; it found out every gleam of gilding on the tarnished bindings of the well-worn books; it mellowed the hue of the faded crimson window-curtains, subdued the staring pattern of the wall-paper, and made the old-fashioned chintz covering on the furniture seem rich and harmonious as an Indian carpet.

"Give me another cup of tea, Veronica," said the vicar, sitting in the parlor on a drear March evening.

His daughter and his ward were both with him. On each of the three faces there was, for once, a look of cheerfulness. That morning their guest had been pronounced out of danger. The shadow which had darkened the house was passing away.

"Give me another cup of tea," said the vicar once more, rubbing his hands together. And then he pursued the discourse which his demand had interrupted. "Yes; and I assure you I am very much pleased with Sir John altogether. Nothing could be better chosen than his manner of expressing himself."

"What did he say, papa?"

"Oh, well! I can not recollect word for word. Thanks, of course, and gratitude, and—and so on. But not overdone. Very earnest and gentlemanlike. He appears to be a man of the world, yet not exactly worldly. He has, in short, I should say, a great deal of savoir vivre."

"Savoir vivre!" repeated Maud, musingly. "That would be an art to learn; how to live!"

"The quintessence of all arts, Maudie."

"Yes; and it would include—would it not?—how to die; if one did but consider aright."

"Maud!" cried Veronica, with a little shudder, "I do beg of you not to be solemn. Don't talk of such things. It makes me cold. You are worse than a northeast wind blowing over the snow-drifts."

Veronica inherited from her mother a more than childish horror of death. The slightest allusion to it sufficed to cloud her bright face and make her irritable.

"Well," answered Maud, quietly. "Sir John Gale is not going to die just yet, they say, so there is no need to be solemn, as you call it. It is to be hoped he will give up hunting, or learn to get a better seat on horseback. Joe Dowsett says that that hunter of his is as gentle as a lamb, and has such a mouth that a baby might ride him. And yet Sir John could not contrive to stick on his back."

"That's not quite fair, Maud," observed the vicar. "When Sir John was thrown opposite the garden gate he was in a half-fainting condition, you must remember. But it was not then that the mischief was done. It was an ugly fall he got earlier in the day from a fresh, hot-tempered beast. He changed horses afterward, and persisted in continuing to 'assault the chase,' as Mugworthy says. So I do not think we are justified in concluding any thing to the disadvantage of his horsemanship."

"But don't you know, papa," Veronica put in, "that Joe has inoculated Maud with the true Daneshire notion that only Daneshire folks, born and bred, can ride?"

Maud smiled and shook her head.

"Sir John charged me," said the vicar, "with 'a thousand heart-felt thanks to my amiable daughters.'"

"Thanks?" exclaimed Veronica. "Truly we have done nothing for him. Paul takes care that his master shall lack no service. So, then, Sir John thinks that Maud is your daughter as well as I?"

"I suppose so. It matters nothing. In a short time he will go away, and in a—perhaps—rather longer time, will have forgotten all about us; so that it was very unnecessary to trouble him with family details."

"If he forgets all about *you*, it will be very ungrateful, Uncle Charles," said Maud.

From the earliest days of her coming to the vicarage, Maud Desmond had been used to call Mr. Levincourt and his wife "uncle" and "aunt;" although she was, of course, aware that no relationship really existed between them and herself.

"Ungrateful? Well, I don't know. It would scarcely have been practicable to leave him outside the garden gate all night. Do you know any one who would have shut the door and gone in quietly to bed under the circumstances?"

"Forget us!" cried Veronica, with an impatient shrug of her shoulders; "no doubt he will forget us! Who that once turned his back on Shipley would care ever to think of it again?"

"*I* would," replied Maud, very quietly.

"Would you? I am not sure of that. But at all events the cases are widely different. Sir John is wealthy. He can travel. He has seen many countries, Paul says: France, Italy, the East. He can go where he pleases; can enjoy society. Oh, Shipley-in-the-Wold must be a mere little ugly blot on *his* map of the world!"

The vicar sighed, uncrossed his legs, and stretched them out straight before him, so as to bring his feet nearer to the fire.

"What made him come to the little ugly blot, then, when he had all the sunny places to choose from?" demanded Maud, indignantly.

"He came for the hunting, I suppose."

"Very well, then; you see there was something in Shipley that he couldn't get in his France, and his Italy, and his East!"

Veronica burst out laughing. She seated herself on the rug at Maud's feet, and leaning back looked up into her face. "What a child you are, Maudie!" she exclaimed. "*His* France and *his* East! Yes; I suppose rich people find good things every where—even in Shipley."

"And they get pitched off their horses, and are bruised and cut, and burnt by fever, and prostrated by weakness, in spite of their riches," observed Maud, philosophically.

"Children," said the vicar, suddenly, "do you want to go to Lowater on the nineteenth?"

"Of course we do, papa. What is it? Have you had an invitation?"

Veronica's eyes sparkled, and her rosy lips smiled, and she clapped her slender hands together joyously. Maud, too, looked eager and interested.

"Yes," answered Mr. Levincourt; "I have had an invitation for us all to dine with the Sheardowns on the nineteenth. It is their wedding-day."

"How exquisite!" cried Veronica, seizing one of Maud's hands that rested on her shoulder, and squeezing it hard. "A dinner-party! A well in the desert! A tuft of palm-trees in a barren land!"

"I suppose we must go," said the vicar, plaintively.

"I 'suppose we must,' indeed. Why, papa, you know you like the idea of it as much as we do."

"I am always charmed to meet Mrs. Sheardown and the captain."

"No doubt of it," cried Veronica, now in a full glow of excitement. "We know that you are Mistress Nelly Sheardown's most devoted cavalier. But it isn't only that, papa mio. You like the idea of a change, a break in the monotony, a peep at something beyond Shipley. You would like to go, if it were even to dine at Haymoor with old Lady Alicia. And quite right too, say I."

The vicar made an attempt to assert his prerogative of victimhood, but in vain.

The varying thermometer of Veronica's spirits had risen to fever heat, and she rattled on volubly, speculating as to who there would be at Lowater; whether Mrs. Sheardown would contrive to give them a dance in the evening; what she should wear (exhaustless theme), and so forth.

At length the stream of words slackened, and then ceased. The rival merits of scarlet and amber ribbons demanded an absorbed and silent consideration.

"Don't you think, Uncle Charles," said Maud, "that Mrs. Sheardown is the sweetest woman you ever saw?"

"She is charming, in truth; charming and excellent; and, moreover, possesses a mind of a very superior calibre."

"Bravo, Uncle Charles! And then she is—in my eyes, at least—so pretty. That quality must not be omitted in the catalogue of her perfections."

"I am not quite sure on the point, Maudie. *Is* she very pretty? I don't think that any man would ever have fallen in love with Mrs. Sheardown for her beauty."

"Perhaps not. And if so, all the better. Sure I am that any one who once loved her would never cease to think her beautiful."

Veronica looked up. "All true," she said. "I agree with your eulogium. And observe that it is pure magnanimity which prompts me to do so. For sweet Mistress Nelly does not like me one bit."

"Oh, Veronica!"

"Oh, Maud! It is so. I have a sixth sense which never deceives me in these matters. I *know* that to Mrs. Sheardown I am not simpatica."

"Simpatica! Nonsense. Whenever you use an Italian word where an English one would serve, I know that you are saying something that won't bear daylight. Why should not Mrs. Sheardown like you?"

Veronica clasped her hands behind her head, and rested both head and arms on Maud's knee. Then, with her eyes cast contemplatively upward, "Because I am not good," said she.

The vicar's brows contracted into an uneasy pucker as he looked down on his daughter's beautiful face.

"Veronica," he said, almost sternly, "I wish you would not say such things."

"Very well, papa; I won't."

"Still more, I wish that you would not think such thoughts."

"Ah, questo poi—"

"If you please, Sir," said Catherine, the maid, putting her rosy face into the room, "here is Mr. Plew."

Mr. Plew was hospitably invited to enter. The surgeon of Shipley was a small man, with a fringe of straight, light hair round a bald crown. His eyes were of a weak blue tint, his skin usually pale yellow. On the present occasion, however, it burned with a fiery red, in consequence of the change from the piercing outer air to the temperature of the vicar's well-warmed and well-lighted parlor. His eyes watered, and his frost-inflamed nose glowed like a hot coal, above the white woolen comforter that enveloped his throat.

"I fear I am intruding at an unseasonable hour," said Mr. Plew, speaking with a strong provincial accent and a gentle, deprecating manner.

"By no means. Pray come in. It is our idle hour, you know. Veronica, ring for a clean cup, and give Mr. Plew some tea," said the vicar.

"Not any, thank you. Pray don't move, Miss Levincourt. I have just left our patient's room. I could not resist coming to congratulate you on the favorable verdict that Dr. Gunnery pronounced this morning. Paul told me. I was unable to be here earlier in the day. But from my own observation of Sir John's condition this evening, I am quite able to indorse what Dr. Gunnery said. Danger is over for the present."

Mr. Plew spoke in a rather hesitating, shy way. And, although he seemingly tried to control his wandering glances, he could not help turning his eyes at every minute toward the hearth, where Miss Levincourt still remained in her nonchalant attitude on the rug.

"Veronica, get up," whispered Maud.

"Why? I am very comfortable. Mr. Plew is an old friend. We don't treat him with ceremony; do we, Mr. Plew?" said Veronica aloud.

"Oh dear, Miss Levincourt, I trust not. I beg—that is—I hope you would not think of disturbing yourself on my account."

"Then you must seek another cushion," said Maud, bluntly. "I am weary of your weight. You are as well able to support yourself as I am to support you."

With that, Miss Desmond rose, crossed the room, and took a chair beside the vicar. Mr. Plew's face uttered a mute and disapproving commentary on the action.

Veronica caught his look, and instantly answered it by speech.

"Is Miss Desmond bound to give way to my whims, pray? I have more selfishness in my little finger than she has in her whole composition. She is worth three times my weight, in pure gold. Ain't you, Maudie?"

"I should say," answered Maud, stiffly, "that a discussion of our comparative merits would be highly uninteresting to Mr. Plew."

Mr. Plew looked amazingly uncomfortable. The vicar came to his rescue.

"We are much obliged to your unremitting attention, Mr. Plew. And to it is owing, under Providence, the happy issue of this affair. I can venture to say that Sir John is very sensible of his debt to you. I have seen and spoken with him to-day for the first time."

"Oh, indeed, Sir?"

"Yes; a very agreeable man, Sir John."

"I dare say he is, Mr. Levincourt. But you know the circumstances under which I have seen him have not been favorable exactly." Here Mr. Plew tittered faintly.

"H'm! Not a good patient, eh?"

"I won't say that, Sir. But I should say he had not been accustomed to be restrained in any way. His servant manages him, though."

"Paul is a capital fellow; one of those excellent servants that one never finds in England."

"Indeed, Sir?"

"No, our soil won't grow them. Or, if one is to be found here and there, they are, at any rate, not indigenous to Daneshire."

"Daneshire people, high or low, are not remarkable for civility," observed Veronica.

"Nor servility," added Maud.

"I suppose we shall soon be losing our guest," resumed the vicar. "He spoke to-day of relieving us of his presence, et cetera. The fact is, that to us personally his stay involves scarcely any inconvenience. But he will naturally be anxious to be gone as soon as may be. How soon do you think he will be able to travel?"

Mr. Plew could not tell. He would be able to judge better on that point when the sick man should have left his couch. He anticipated that Sir John would find himself very weak. There had been much prostration.

"I hear," proceeded Mr. Plew, "that Sir John Gale's groom and three hunters have been sent away from the Crown. I was at Shipley Magna to-day, and was told that the servant and horses had left for Danecester on Wednesday. They are bound for a place that Sir John owns, in the south somewhere. I forget the name of it. He is immensely rich, from what I can gather."

As thus Mr. Plew gossiped on, in a monotonous tone, the vicar listened, or seemed to listen, with half-closed eyes. His thoughts were in reality harking back to Veronica's phrase that Shipley must be "a mere little ugly blot" in Sir John's map of the world. And then the vicar indulged in some "sweet self-pity;" contrasting his days spent among Daneshire hinds, and under Daneshire skies, with the brightness of his three years' sojourn abroad. And yet those years spent in foreign lands had been haunted by the ghost of a lost love, and by a vain regret.

Presently Mr. Plew's talk turned on the choir of St. Gildas, the progress it had made, and the desirability of introducing still further improvements. Then Mr. Levincourt roused himself to attend to what was being said. He began to talk himself, and he talked very well. Veronica and Maud sat a little apart, away from the glare of the fire, and held a whispered consultation as to their toilets on the nineteenth.

Maud had her share of natural girlish interest in the topic; but she tired of it long before her companion. With a quiet movement she drew a book from beneath a heap of colored wools and canvas in her work-basket, and began to read, almost stealthily, half hidden behind the vicar's arm-chair.

Veronica advanced to the hearth, drew her chair up opposite to Mr. Plew, and disposed one foot, coquettishly peeping from under the folds of her dress, on the polished steel bar of the fender.

Mr. Plew stumbled, stammered, and lost the thread of his discourse.

"I beg your pardon," said the vicar, "I don't comprehend your last remark. I was saying that there are some pretty quaint bits of melody in those sonatas of Kozeluch. Miss Desmond plays the piano-forte part. Bring your flute some evening, and try them over with her. The piano-forte may be unlocked again now, I suppose. When I said that Sir John's stay involved no personal inconvenience to us, I reckoned on our being allowed to hear the voice of music once again."

"Mr. Plew's flute has the softest of voices, papa. I am sure its aerial breathings could not penetrate to the blue chamber."

"Ah, there, now—there, Miss Veronica—Miss Levincourt—you're chaffing me."

"Eh?" (with wide-opened eyes and superb arching of the brows.)

"I beg pardon—laughing at me."

"How can you think so, Mr. Plew?"

"Oh, I know. But you are privileged, of course."

"Am I?"

"I mean young ladies in general are privileged to say what they please. I'm sure, now, that you don't really care about my flute-playing. You would not like to hear it."

"But it is papa and Miss Desmond whom you play for. If they are satisfied, all is well. I don't pretend to be a virtuosa. And I will say this for your flute, Mr. Plew—it is very unobtrusive."

The sparkle of raillery in her eyes, the saucy smile on her lip, the half-disdainful grace of her attitude, appeared to entrance the little surgeon. His eyes blinked as he looked at her. There was no revolt in his meek soul against the scarcely disguised insolence of her manner.

The vicar was a man of fine breeding. His daughter's behavior to-night jarred on his taste. Mr. Levincourt did not usually trouble himself to observe, still less to correct, such shortcomings. But his interview with Sir John Gale had awakened old associations. He was conscious of the impression which his own polished address had made on his guest.

When Mr. Plew had departed the vicar said, in a tone more of complaint than rebuke: "You should not tease that mild little man, Veronica. He does not understand raillery, and will either presume on it to become familiar, or else suffer from wounded feeling. Neither alternative is to be desired."

"Papa mio, he likes it!"

"But I do not. Besides, it is of you that I am thinking. Flippancy in a woman is of all things the most detestable. Not to speak of the matter on higher grounds" (the vicar habitually avoided all appeal to "higher grounds" in his non-professional moments), "it is utterly in bad taste—mauvais genre."

Veronica flushed high with anger, for her amour propre was stung; but by the time that she and Maud retired for the night the cloud of temper had dispersed. Veronica came into Maud's room, and began chatting gayly about Mrs. Sheardown's dinner-party.

"Maud," said she, "Maud, I have decided on amber—a good rich amber, you know. I shall wear an amber satin sash with my white dress, and a streak of the same color—just a band of it—in my hair."

"Very well."

"Very well? Are you in one of your frozen moods, Maud Hilda Desmond? If so, thaw as quickly as may be; I want to talk to you."

Maud wrapped a white dressing-gown around her, seated herself by the fire, and proceeded to loosen her straight silky hair from its plaits.

After a pause she said: "I do not wish to be frozen, Veronica; but your sudden changes of temperature are fatiguing. Just now you were like a brooding thunder-cloud. At present all is sunshine and blue sky. Do you suppose you are likely always to find persons able and willing to follow these capricious variations?"

Veronica took this speech very meekly. "I can't help it, Maudie," said she.

"Yes, you can; you can command yourself when there is a sufficient object in view. You don't exhibit these vagaries in the presence of people whom you desire to charm."

"I wonder why I let you talk so to me. I am your elder by two years, you little solemn white owl!"

Maud quietly released the last coil of her hair from its bonds, and said nothing. Suddenly Veronica knelt down by her companion's side and clasped her arms round her waist. So she remained, still and silent, for some minutes. Then she slid down into her favorite posture on the rug, and exclaimed, without looking up, "I wish I could be good like you, Maud!"

"Nonsense! Good like me? I am not very good. But we can all be better if we try hard."

"I can not. No; I can not. I—I—want so many things that good people despise—or pretend to despise."

"What things?"

"Oh, I don't know; all sorts of things. Is there nothing *you* want?"

"Plenty of things I should like. But I don't see how wanting things should prevent your being good."

"But I want vain, wicked, worldly things, Maudie!"

"And do you think vain, wicked, worldly things would make you happy?"

"Yes, I do. There! Don't look so scared, and open your eyes so wide, white owl. That's the truth. You always advocate speaking the truth, you know. Good-night."

"Good-night, Veronica. You are in one of your perverse moods to-night. There is no use in arguing with you."

"Not a bit of use!"

"But you are wiser than your words. You know better."

"That's the worst of it! I wish I didn't know better. The fools are never troubled by knowing better. I know the better and want the worse. There, now, you are frozen into an ice-maiden again!"

Maud remained pale and silent, gazing straight before her.

Veronica waited a minute, lingering near the door, and then, with a little defiant toss of the head, shrugged her shoulders and left the room without another word.

The house was still; the vibrations of the last stroke of eleven, boomed out by the deep-voiced bell of St. Gildas, were dying away; the glow of the fire had died down to a faint red glimmer, when a white figure glided noiselessly to Maud's bedside.

"Maudie! Maudie! Are you asleep?"

"Veronica! What is it? What is the matter?"

"Nothing. Kiss me, Maud. I can not sleep until you have done so."

Maud raised her head from the pillow and kissed the other girl's cheek.

"Good-night, dear Veronica," she whispered.

"God bless you, Maudie!"

VACCINATION.

IF Chinese chronicles tell the truth, mankind had been scourged by a loathsome disease, which maimed the few whose lives it spared, for nearly three thousand years before an obscure medical practitioner in Gloucestershire stumbled upon a means of palliating, if not altogether arresting its ravages. To be more precise, the existence of small-pox in man is traced back in the records of the Celestial Kingdom as far as 1122 years before Christ, and in 1798 Dr. Edward Jenner published an unostentatious essay setting forth the results of several years of careful investigation into what at first seemed a rustic superstition, and modestly expressing a "hope of its becoming beneficial to mankind." This superstition was, that cow-milkers who contracted sore hands from cows suffering under a peculiar and then prevalent eruption on the udder, were thereby given immunity from small-pox. Jenner heard the village gossip, had his attention drawn to certain corroborative facts, pondered the matter, tested it in various ways, and finally promulgated his scheme of "VACCINATION."

In connection with Jenner's researches, and as showing his superior perspicacity, two circumstances are noteworthy. The first of these is, that a popular belief in the protective power of the infection, derived from this peculiar kine disease, was not confined to Gloucestershire, but existed in the dairy districts around Göttingen, where acute medical observers have never been wanting. The second is, that the similarity between the "epizootic" in cattle and small-pox in man was noted by Italian writers before Jenner announced his belief that the two maladies were identical. Subsequent experiments have conclusively proven the validity of this hypothesis. Small-pox was transmitted from the human subject to the cow and other animals in 1801; and in 1836 a Russian physician named Thiele produced on cow's udders, by inoculation with the virus of human small-pox, the characteristic vesicles of the kine-pox proper, and found that the lymph from these retained its specific power after seventy-five successive transmissions through human subjects. Among the results of other interesting experiments it may be stated that human small-pox has been transmitted through the horse to the cow, and from the latter children have been vaccinated with genuine cow-pox; and furthermore, that when a cow is inoculated with *vaccine* matter from a human arm, the lymph produced in her has comparatively little activity, but gains intensity by successive transmissions through human subjects.

It seems certain, from these and other data, that the same cause which produces small-pox in man gives rise to a specific disease in cattle, but that in the latter the virus undergoes a modification which renders its manifestations much milder, without, however, destroying its essential attributes; in other words, by vaccinating a child we communicate to it a very light form of small-pox, and thereby prevent it from contracting a graver form of the same malady.

That this protective power is really exerted by vaccination, statistics show beyond the possibility of dispute. In England, during the last half of the eighteenth century, out of every 1000 deaths 96 were caused by small-pox, while in the half century from 1800 to 1850 the rate was reduced to 35 in 1000. In the German States vaccination reduced the mortality due to small-pox from 66.5 to 7.26 in every 1000 deaths. Every where experience has shown that the more thoroughly vaccination is enforced the fewer deaths occur from small-pox. Thus, in Glasgow (when vaccination was voluntary and rare) this disease killed 36 out of every 1000 deaths, while in the Rhenish Provinces (where vaccination was compulsory) its ratio was but 3.7 in 1000. During the twenty years from 1817 to 1837 several epidemics of small-pox visited the West Indies, but among the British troops stationed there (an aggregate strength of 86,661 whites and 40,934 blacks), out of a total mortality of 6803, there was not a single death from that disease. Statistics of this sort might be adduced almost *ad infinitum*, if it were requisite to give further evidence of the safeguard afforded by vaccination.

Strange to say, in the face of all these facts, there has been, since Jenner's time, a dogged spirit of opposition which has periodically manifested itself against his discovery; and at the present day, more particularly in England, not only the ignorant classes, but even many persons of intelligence and culture, have declared open and organized hostility to vaccination, and accuse it of committing ravages worse than those of the disease which it supplants. According to popular belief, scrofula, consumption, fevers of various kinds, erysipelas, and indeed nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to, are transmitted by vaccine lymph; the more intelligent opponents of vaccination, among whom are included a few medical men, confine their argument to the possibility of communicating syphilis and certain forms of skin-disease. The first of these theories is thus clearly answered in the recent work of Professor Niemeyer, than whom no higher authority on such subjects exists:

"Leaving out of consideration certain foolish objections that have been advanced against vaccination, it can not be denied that it sometimes endangers life, and in other cases leaves permanent impairment of health, especially cutaneous eruptions and other scrofulous affections. The hypothesis that scrofula was transferred by the vaccination from one child to the other is false, however, as can be proved. Sometimes children become scrofulous after vaccination, although the lymph have been taken from the arm of a perfectly healthy child; and sometimes children remain perfectly healthy after being vaccinated with lymph from a decidedly scrofulous child. The occurrence of scrofula after vaccination seems to be due to the debilitating influence of the fever accompanying the vaccina, and the prominence of the exanthema among these scrofulous affections appears to depend on the disorder of the skin, artificially induced at the point of vaccination. At least, *other febrile diseases, as well as all debilitating affections occurring in young children with a tendency to scrofula, have the same influence in developing this disease that vaccina has.* And we know that blisters and other irritants to the skin not only induce inflammation at the point of application, but also increase the predisposition to other cutaneous affections. Many children who have never previously suffered from any exanthema are affected for months with moist eczema of the face after having their ears pierced, as well as after vaccination. But it is only in rare cases that the occurrence of scrofulous affections is due solely to vaccination, and is not influenced by other causes, such as weaning and teething, which usually take place about the time that vaccination is done; and it is still rarer for life to be endangered by the operation. Complete ignorance of statistics of mortality, which show a decided decrease of mortality since the introduction of vaccination, must be the only excuse for urging these exceptional cases as grounds against vaccination. It may be readily seen why more children die of measles, scarlatina, croup, and hydrocephalus, since small-pox leaves a larger number for these diseases to attack, as it were. But the slight increase of mortality in the above diseases does not, by any means, equal the diminution of mortality in variola (small-pox). Unless the occurrence of a small-pox epidemic throws all other considerations into the shade, I do not vaccinate weakly children, inclined to scrofula, during their first year, but wait till the second or third, after the teeth have developed, because I am satisfied that, in such children, very much depends on protecting their first development from injurious influences."

With regard to the skin-diseases attributed to vaccination, the common experience of skilled physicians shows that in the majority of such cases the eruption is of a kind not communicable by inoculation, and therefore to be viewed as a previously latent tendency, roused to activity by the vaccinative disturbance, as it might have been by any other exciting influence. To the question: "Have you any reason to believe, or to suspect, that vaccinated persons, in being rendered less susceptible of small-pox, become more susceptible of any other infective disease, or of phthisis?"—a question addressed by the English Board of Health to eminent medical men at home and abroad—542 answers were received, all decidedly in the negative. Sir W. Jenner, Dr. West, and Mr. Marson, in an aggregate of 79,000 vaccinations, had not a single case giving color to any suspicion of a taint thus transmitted, and a long list could be given of the most distinguished and experienced members of the medical profession who have written to the same effect.

That certain forms of syphilitic disease may be inoculated from one person to another is certain, but it seems equally certain that the transmission can not take place through vaccination, if properly performed. Just as the virus of scarlet-fever will communicate only scarlet-fever, the contagion of whooping-cough only whooping-cough, as the syphilitic poison itself produces nothing but syphilis; just so the vaccine virus transmits cow-pox and nothing else. The vesicle which forms and matures in a vaccinated arm on the eighth day contains a clear lymph which represents the specific virus of the vaccine disease, totally independent of the condition of the tissues which surround it. As Dr. Ballard, in his "Prize Essay on Vaccination," says: "The quality of vaccine virus is not regulated by any specific healthiness or unhealthiness of the child who furnishes it, in the sense that it partakes in any way of that child's particular constitution. It is the same from a scrofulous or rickety infant as from a robust one; it is vaccine virus, weakened and deteriorated somewhat, perhaps, in its energy, but nothing more." Now, if the lymph from this vesicle be procured on the eighth day, we may be sure that it possesses but one specific property, namely, that of reproducing the disease of which it is the product. If we wait until the contents of the vesicle have degenerated and become purulent, not only are the results of vaccination less certain, but there may even be an inoculation of something besides vaccina. If, again—and here is the important point—instead of merely puncturing the vesicle, the surrounding tissues be wounded so that blood be mingled with the lymph, then the use of such lymph becomes dangerous. That syphilis may be communicated by the blood is no longer a matter of doubt; but if we inoculate both blood and lymph it is obviously unfair to impute the bad result to the lymph itself. Such cases, however, are exceedingly rare, and nothing but the most inexcusable clumsiness can cause the dangerous admixture.

A. L. C.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A SPECIAL Committee of the Prison Association and the Inspectors of State Prisons recently met in the Senate Chamber at Albany to consult in regard to the best methods of discipline in our State Prisons. After considerable discussion a paper was read by one of the Committee, in which the opinion was expressed that one of the most successful means of preventing bad conduct in prison, encouraging the inmates to conduct themselves correctly, and proving to them the advantage of good behavior, was the law which rewards them for it, by an abbreviation of their sentences. Moreover, that the effect would undoubtedly be marked if bad conduct and disobedience of the prison rules should increase the length of sentence in the same proportion as good conduct and obedience now reduces it. If, when sentence was pronounced upon a convict, the Judge should inform him that good behavior in prison would diminish the time, and bad conduct increase it in the same proportion, it was thought it would in many cases at once influence the convict in regard to his deportment. It was also suggested that improper conduct and violation of prison rules should not be punished by whipping, showering, and similar physical penalties, which seldom have any improving influence, but that the offender should be confined alone until he evinced a change of spirit. But it was highly desirable that every close cell should be well ventilated, kept free from any foul air, and perfectly clean, that the physical and mental health of the occupants be preserved. It was thought desirable to make a thorough examination of the prisons, and report concerning them. The conference is to be renewed at Sing Sing some time in October.

It is stated that the Right Honorable Stephen Lushington, who was consulted by Lady Byron in regard to a separation from her husband, is alive, and will doubtless be able to clear up the so-called "Byron slander." Dr. Lushington is now eighty-seven years of age.

A sad report is current that Miss Grinnell has become insane since learning of the recent accidental death of her brother, who was killed by falling from a window at the Isle of Wight.

On one occasion during the recent Presidential tour in Vermont, when the President and his wife alighted from the cars, such an eager crowd gathered to catch a glimpse of the General that Mrs. Grant was for a moment lost in the throng. Her simple, unpretentious dress and manner prevented her being recognized, and she was somewhat amused at being requested to "stand back, and let the President's party pass!"

The interest which Boston felt in the result of the international boat-race was intense. A public announcement was to be made as soon as the telegram was received from England by ringing the fire-bells—2-2 to be struck if the Oxfords were victorious, and 5-5 if the Harvards gained. Many "Harvard boys" had assembled in Boston to obtain the earliest information; and when the heavy 2-2 sounded the disappointment was great. Yet when fuller details of the race came, many a hearty cheer went up for the plucky Harvards.

A dangerous new counterfeit $10 greenback is thus briefly described: It is one of the new series, No. 53, letter D. A good test is to fold the note, bringing the two ends together. The counterfeit note is not perfectly square at both ends, but the genuine is, the plate being made at true right angles, and when folded the discrepancy between the genuine and counterfeit can be discovered.

There must be some chance of confusion in the books of the Bank of England, there being no less than 5429 Smiths who receive dividends on various sums in the public stocks. There are also 2478 Browns, and 2190 Joneses.

A novel association has been formed in Portland, Maine—the Aged Men's Society, it is called—and though no one under sixty-five years of age is admitted, there are already 111 members. It is stated that Judge Luther Fitch is the oldest member, he being eighty-six.

According to President Woolsey, of Yale College, "Connecticut is at the bottom of the list" in regard to the number of divorces in proportion to the number of marriages. From tables which have been prepared in some few of the States, it has been ascertained that the ratio of divorces to marriages has annually averaged, since 1860, in Vermont, one divorce to twenty marriages; in Massachusetts, one to forty-four; in Ohio, one to twenty-six; in Connecticut, one to ten. In twenty States the Constitution prohibits to the Legislature private bills of divorce; yet in several States the courts have power to grant divorces for what shall seem to them "sufficient reasons."

The so-called Professor Jenkins has, according to announcement, crossed Niagara River on what was termed a "velocipede." The machine used in this foolish feat was not in any sense an ordinary velocipede, though a bicycle. The wheels, three inches wide, were made heavy, without tires, but with grooves nearly two inches deep. The connecting-rods were iron, so also the balance-pole, which was eight feet long and tipped with ten-pound balls, and weighed twenty-eight pounds. The whole thing, with the man, weighed 298 pounds. The propelling power was a pinion cog-wheel made of brass, about nine inches in diameter. The cable was securely fastened on the American shore, and on the Canada shore coiled around a windlass, so that it might easily be tightened. The front wheel of the bicycle was placed on the rope, and standards from the under side so arranged as to bring two strong bars of iron on either side of the rope. Every thing was securely fastened, and the whole arrangement such as to throw the entire weight of machine and rider *under* the rope. Some little disappointment was evinced among the 8000 spectators when this was apparent. But, dressed in costume, the lion of the day slowly started on his ride, the crowd preserving deathlike stillness. When he reached the middle of the abyss he waved his hat, in response to which a faint cheer arose. When, after a passage of eleven minutes, he reached the edge of the cliff, the applause was loud and long.

A story is told in a Paris paper of a new method for recovering one's debts. A crowd gathered in the vicinity of the Odéon round a girl with a wooden leg, whom a gentleman at an adjoining window was apostrophizing with loud cries and gesticulations. It turned out that the girl was a washer-woman who had gone to the gentleman to ask for payment of her bill, and finding that the money was not forthcoming, she had seized her customer's wooden leg, which was lying in a corner, and had walked off declaring that she would not return it till she was paid.

A mechanician named Gensoul has invented a machine which reports speeches verbatim. The idea is the same as that which governed the "mechanical compositor," from which such great things were once hoped. The reporter sits down before a piano and plays, as it were, upon the keys, each stroke placing part of a word upon his copy. When in full practice he can outstrip the swiftest speaker.

Corporal punishment is not inflicted so frequently in American schools as in English, public opinion every where out of New England being against its continuance. It is prohibited by law in the case of girls, and in night and primary schools. Ten New York schools, with an aggregate attendance of 1000 scholars, recently tried the experiment of doing without it; and it was found that discipline and good order were as effectually preserved by other means. Another batch of schools was content to adopt extreme moderation instead of total abstinence in this matter, it being resolved only to revert to the birch when other means had failed. The result here was that out of nearly 1000 boys only eleven were found impervious to the new method of persuasion. It is an interesting question what would have become of these eleven if they had happened to be in the schools where the rod was totally forbidden.

It is said that the thread of a certain species of spider, found in the South, supports a weight of 54 grains. As this fibre is only the one-four-thousandth of an inch in diameter, this is at the rate of 123,427 pounds, or 61½ tons, per square inch. Good iron wire sustains 57 tons per inch; good steel 66 tons; good gun-metal 80 tons.

Paper garments promise to displace cotton and woolen fabrics one of these days. Moreover, imitation leather is made from paper, which supplies a cheap and useful covering for furniture, and even serves for shoes.

The *Grimactiscope* is the most ill-natured invention of the times. The *carte de visite* of a lady friend, for example, is placed in the apparatus, and she appears distorted in a thousand hideous ways, the innumerable combinations of the kaleidoscope being successfully applied to the art of making ugly one's fellow-creatures.

An exchange, evidently regarding Rochester as a monomaniac, writes a jocose half column about the devotion of that city to the famed Century Plant. It declares that for the last three months business has been entirely suspended in Rochester, and Jack's bean stalk has been completely left out in the wet. The language of the people has become so botanical that even at restaurants the bills of fare offer Aloe Soup, Roast Beef with revolute Stigmas, Leg of Mutton reticulated, Lamb with Pericarp Sauce; while Pods, Pistils, Stamens, and Petals come into *Entrees;* and Baked Cones, Endocarp Pie, Coraline Jelly, and Auriculate Meringues help to make up the list of Pastry. Moreover, "seventy-three of the largest lake steamers and all-through railroad lines have been chartered for the transportation of the gigantic Agave to Chicago!"

The cause of "woman's rights" is advancing rapidly in Great Britain. The women of England have obtained the municipal franchise, the House of Commons has passed the married woman's property bill, and it has been read a second time in the House of Lords. Moreover, the provisions of the endowed school bill will give young women a fairer share of educational privileges than they have hitherto enjoyed.

A prominent South Carolina newspaper asserts that "during 1869 the twelve Cotton States in this country will show more true-prosperity than any other section of the world." There is reason to anticipate, according to the paper referred to, a crop of about "3,000,000 bales of cotton, valued at $108 a bale;" a "corn crop worth $230,000,000;" and sugar, wheat, tobacco, and other crops which "will bring $150,000,000 more," making a very large income "for a population of about 11,000,000." Reconstruction certainly has not ruined the South, as was so fiercely prophesied by many not long ago; and Northern friends will rejoice in what seems to be only the beginning of a brighter and better career.

APPARENT DEATH.

Certainly we manage some things better than they do in France; among them being the interval allowed to elapse between death and interment. Still, there are circumstances and cases which, even here, afford matter for serious reflection.

It will easily be supposed that the dangerous briefness of this interval has been urged upon the attention of the French Legislature, and been ably discussed by the French medical press. In 1866 a petition was presented to the Senate from a person named De Cornól, pointing out the danger of hasty interments, and suggesting the measures he thought requisite to avoid terrible consequences. Among other things he prayed that the space of twenty-four hours between the decease and the interment now prescribed by the law should be extended to eight-and-forty hours. A long debate followed, in which Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux, took a leading part. He was decidedly of opinion that the petition should *not* be set aside by the "order of the day," but that it should be transmitted to the Minister of the Interior for further consideration and inquiry. Some of the venerable prelate's remarks produced so great an effect on his auditors as to merit particular mention. He said he had the very best reasons for believing that the victims of hasty interments were more numerous than people supposed. He considered the regulations on this head prescribed by the law as very judicious, but unfortunately they were not always executed as they should be, nor was sufficient importance attached to them. In the village where he was stationed as assistant curate in the first period of his sacerdotal life, he saved two persons from being buried alive. The first was an aged man, who lived twelve hours after the hour fixed for his interment by the municipal officer. The second was a man who was quite restored to life. In both these instances a trance more prolonged than usual was taken for actual death.

The next case in his experience occurred at Bordeaux. A young lady, who bore one of the most distinguished names in the department, had passed through what was believed to be her last agony, and as, apparently, all was over, the father and mother were torn away from the heart-rending spectacle. At that moment, as God willed it, the cardinal happened to pass the door of the house, when it occurred to him to call and inquire how the young lady was going on. When he entered the room, the nurse, finding the body breathless, was in the act of covering the face, and indeed there was every appearance that life had departed. Somehow or other it did not seem so certain to him as to the by-standers. He resolved to try. He raised his voice, called loudly upon the young lady not to give up all hope, said that he was come to cure her, and that he was about to pray by her side. "You do not see me," he said, "but you hear what I am saying." Those singular presentiments were not unfounded. The words of hope reached her ear and effected a marvelous change, or rather called back the life that was departing. The young girl survived, and in 1866 was a wife, the mother of children, and the chief happiness of two most respectable families.

The last instance related by the Archbishop is so interesting, and made such a sensation, that it deserves to be given in his own words:

"In the summer of 1826, on a close and sultry day, in a church that was excessively crowded, a young priest who was in the act of preaching was suddenly seized with giddiness in the pulpit. The words he was uttering became indistinct; he soon lost the power of speech, and sank down upon the floor. He was taken out of the church and carried home. Every body thought that all was over. Some hours afterward the funeral bell was tolled, and the usual preparations were made for the interment. His eyesight was gone; but if, like the young lady I have mentioned, he could see nothing, he could nevertheless hear; and I need not say that what reached his ears was not calculated to reassure him. The doctor came, examined him, and pronounced him dead; and after the usual inquiries as to his age, the place of his birth, etc., gave permission for his interment next morning. The venerable bishop, in whose cathedral the young priest was preaching when he was seized with the fit, came to his bedside to recite the De Profundis. The body was measured for the coffin. Night came on, and you will easily feel how inexpressible was the anguish of the living being in such a situation. At last, amidst the voices murmuring around him, he distinguished that of one whom he had known from infancy. That voice produced a marvelous effect, and excited him to make a superhuman effort. Of what followed I need say no more than that the seemingly dead man stood next day in the pulpit from which he had been taken for dead. That young priest, gentlemen, is the same man who is now speaking before you, and who, more than forty years after that event, implores those in authority not merely to watch vigilantly over the careful execution of the legal prescriptions with regard to interments, but to enact fresh ones, in order to prevent the recurrence of irreparable misfortunes."

A remarkable pamphlet, Lettre sur La Mort Apparente, Les Conséquences Réelles des Inhumations Précipitées, et Le Temps Pendant lequel peut persister L'Aptitude à être Rappelé à la Vie, by the late regretted Dr. Charles Londe, records accidents which are more likely than the preceding to occur in England. Even were the bathing season not at hand, deaths by drowning are always to be apprehended. We therefore cite the following:

On the 13th of July, 1829, about two o'clock in the afternoon, near the Pont des Arts, Paris, a body, which appeared lifeless, was taken out of the river. It was that of a young man, twenty years of age, dark-complexioned, and strongly built. The corpse was discolored and cold; the face and lips were swollen and tinged with blue; a thick and yellowish froth exuded from the mouth; the eyes were open, fixed, and motionless; the limbs limp and drooping. *No pulsation of the heart nor trace of respiration was perceptible.* The body had remained under water for a considerable time; the search after it, made in Dr. Bourgeois's presence, lasted fully twenty minutes. That gentleman did not hesitate to incur the derision of the lookers-on, by proceeding to attempt the resurrection of what, in their eyes, was a mere lump of clay. Nevertheless, several hours afterward, the supposed corpse was restored to life, thanks to the obstinate perseverance of the doctor, who, although strong and enjoying robust health, was several times on the point of losing courage, and abandoning the patient in despair.

But what would have happened if Dr. Bourgeois, instead of persistently remaining stooping over the inanimate body, with watchful eye and *attentive ear*, to catch the first rustling of the heart, had left the drowned man, after half an hour's fruitless endeavor, as often happens? The unfortunate young man would have been laid in the grave, *although capable of restoration to life!* To this case, Dr. Bourgeois, in the Archives de Médecine, adds others, in which individuals who had remained under water as long as SIX HOURS were recalled to life by efforts which a weaker conviction than his own would have refrained from making. These facts lead Dr. Londe to the conclusion that, *every day, drowned individuals are buried, who, with greater perseverance, might be restored to life.*

Nor is suffocation by foul air and mephitical gas a rare form of death. It is possible that suspended animation may now and then have been mistaken for the absolute extinction of life. Dr. Londe gives an instructive case to the purpose. At the extremity of a large grocer's shop a close narrow corner, or rather hole, was the sleeping-place of the shopman who managed the night sale till the shop was closed, and who opened the shutters at four in the morning. On the 16th of January, 1825, there were loud knocks at the grocer's door. As nobody stirred to open it, the grocer rose himself, grumbling at the shopman's laziness, and proceeding to his sleeping-hole to scold him. He found him motionless in bed, completely deprived of consciousness. Terror-struck by the idea of sudden death, he immediately sent in search of a doctor, who suspected a case of asphyxia by mephitism. His suspicions were confirmed by the sight of a night-lamp, which had gone
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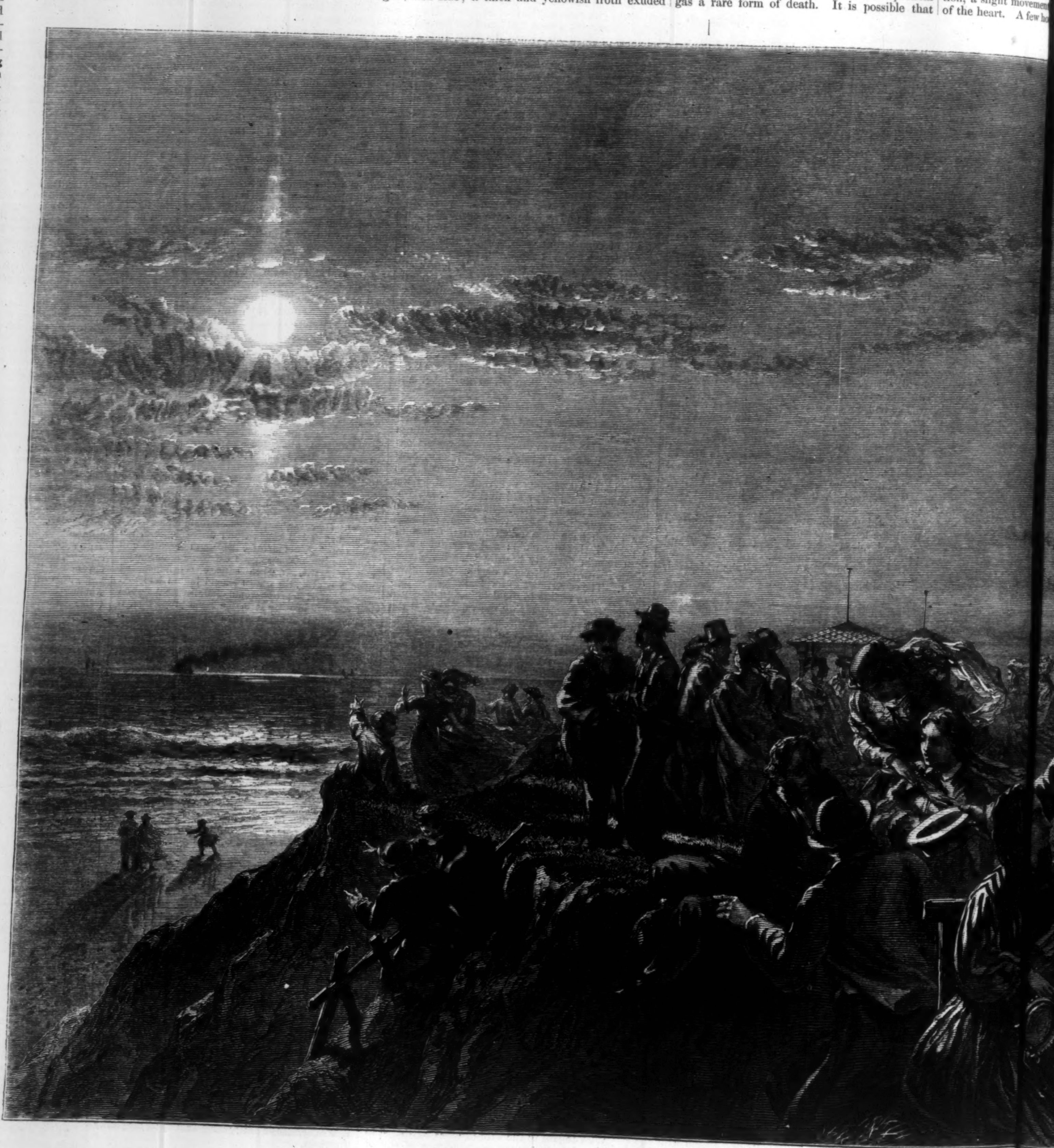

"LONG BRANCH BY MOONLIGHT."—[Engraved by W. J. Li

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to Poland to study the cholera) was opening a subject in the dead-house of the Bagatelle Hospital in Warsaw, he saw another body (that of a woman of fifty, who had died in two days, having her eyes still bright, her joints supple, but the whole surface extremely cold) which visibly moved its left foot ten or twelve times in the course of an hour. Afterward the right foot participated in the same movement, but very feebly. M. Trachez sent for Mr. Searle, an English surgeon, to direct his attention to the phenomenon. Mr. Searle *had often remarked it.* The woman, nevertheless, was left in the dissecting-room, and thence taken to the cemetery. Several other medical men stated that they had made similar observations. From which M. Trachez draws the inference: "It is allowable to think that many cholera patients have been buried alive."

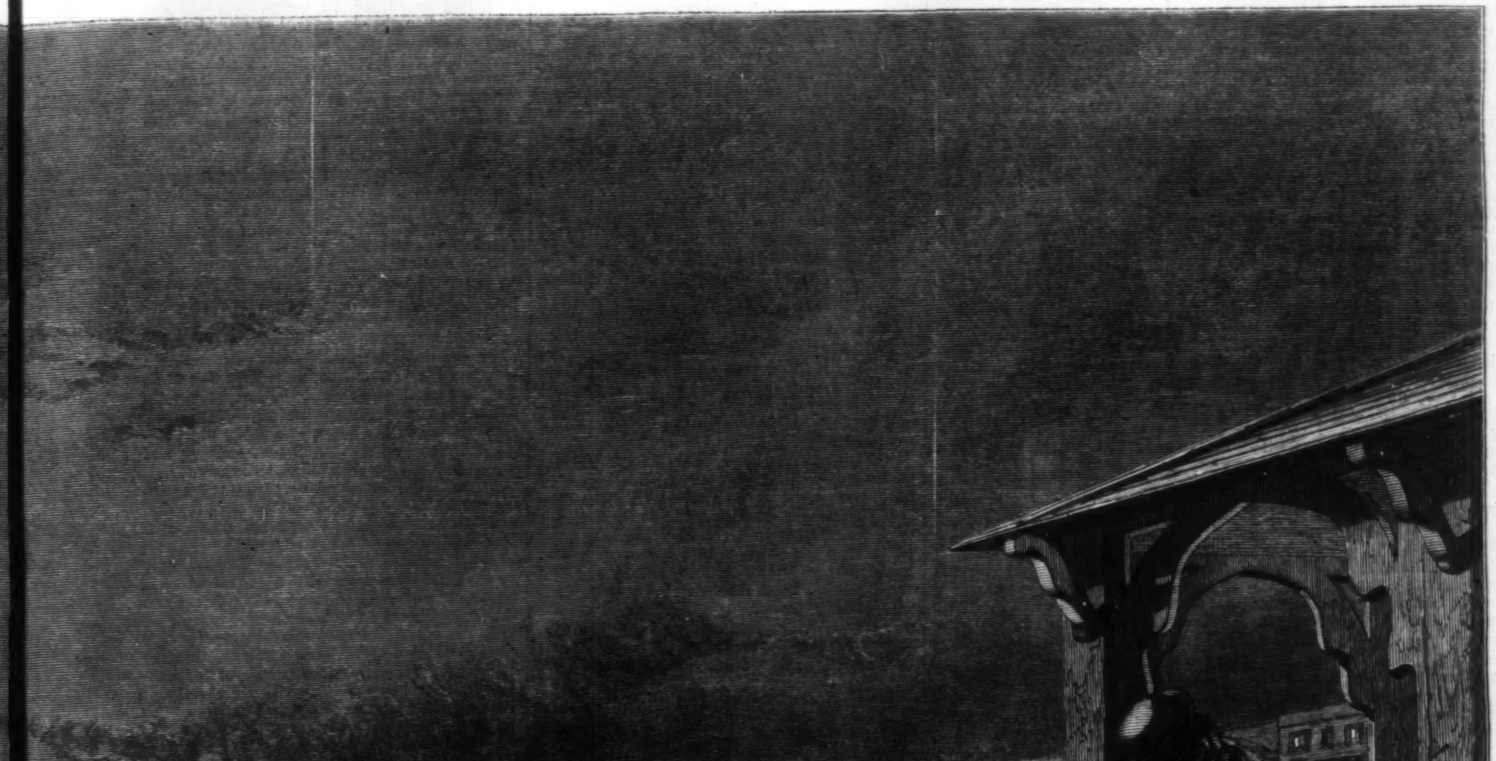
Dr. Veyrat, attached to the Bath Establishment, Aix, Savoy, was sent for to La Roche (Department of the Yonne) to visit a cholera patient, Thérèse X., who had lost all the members of her family by the same disease. He found her in a complete state of asphyxia. He opened a vein; not a drop of blood flowed. He applied leeches; they bit, and immediately loosed their hold. He covered the body with stimulant applications, and went to take a little rest, requesting to be called if the patient manifested any signs of life. The night and next day passed without any change. While making preparations for the burial they noticed a little blood oozing out of the leech-bites. Dr. Veyrat, informed of the circumstance, entered the chamber just as the nurse was about to wrap the corpse in its winding-sheet. Suddenly a rattling noise issued from Thérèse's chest. She opened her eyes, and, in a hollow voice, said to the nurse: "What are you doing here? I am not dead. Get away with you." She recovered, and felt no other inconvenience than a deafness, which lasted about two months.

In Germany coffins, with the corpses laid out in them, are placed in a building where a keeper watches day and night. During the forty years that this system has been in force not a single case of apparent death has been proved to occur. This negative result can not be cited as conclusive, either for or against the system. In a country where a million of people annually die, an experiment embracing only forty-six thousand corpses is too partial to be relied on as evidence. Moreover, mortuary chambers exist only in a few great centres of population; and it is especially in small towns and country districts, where medical men are too busy to inspect the dead, that premature interments are to be apprehended.

M. de Parville announces the possibility of distinguishing every form of lethargy from real death. He professes to place in any one's hands a self-acting apparatus which would declare, not only whether the death be real, but *would leave in the hands of the experimenter a written proof of the reality of the death.* The scheme is this: It is well known that atropine possesses the property of considerably dilating the pupil of the eye. Oculists constantly make use of it when they want to perform an operation or to examine the interior of the eye. Now M. le Docteur Bouchot has shown that atropine has no action on the pupil when death is real. In a state of lethargy the pupil, under the influence of a few drops of atropine, dilates in the course of a few minutes; the dilatation also takes place a few instants after death; but it ceases absolutely in a quarter of an hour or half an hour at the very longest; consequently, the enlargement of the pupil is a certain sign that death is only apparent.

This premised, imagine a little camera-obscura, scarcely so big as an opera-glass, containing a slip of photographic paper, which is kept unrolling for five-and-twenty or thirty minutes by means of clock-work. This apparatus, placed a short distance in front of the dead person's eye, will depict on the paper the pupil of the eye, which will have been previously moistened with a few drops of atropine. It is evident that, as the paper slides before the eye of the corpse, if the pupil dilate, its photographic image will be dilated; if, on the contrary, it remains unchanged, the image will retain its original size. An inspection of the paper then enables the experimenter to read upon it whether the death is real or apparent only.

By this simple method a hasty or careless certificate of death becomes impossible. The instrument applies the test, and counts the minutes. The doctor and the civil officer are relieved from further responsibility. The paper gives evidence that the verification has actually and carefully been made; for, suppose that half an hour is required to produce a test that can be relied on, the length of the strip of paper unrolled marks the time during which the experiment has been continued. An apparatus of the kind might be placed in the hands of the minister or one of the notables of every parish. Such a system would silence the apprehensions of the most timid. Fears — natural enough — would disappear, and the world would be shocked by no fresh cases of premature burial.



W J. Linton, from the Original Painting by Rosenburg.]

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

The innocent eccentricities of certain members of the human family have afforded much entertainment to the rest since the world began. Whether queer people were more plentiful in by-gone times than they are at present; whether the world be less or more fatuous than it was, we have not the slightest notion. As it gets older, we should hope it grows wiser; though this does not, in individual cases at least, always follow. But that we have still eccentrics among us, persons whose doings are just as *outré* as any vagaries previously recorded, there seems no reason whatever to doubt.

The newspapers recently announced that a married lady in New York had left the whole of her property for the purpose of building a church, on the condition that her body and bones should be made into mortar, in which to lay the corner-stone of the edifice. What a very eccentric lady she must have been! Think of the originality of the notion! None but a person of irregular mind could have conceived it. Her object or motive we do not and can never know, but her last will and testament is certainly one of the most extraordinary curiosities of testamentary literature on record.

A short time previously we read that Professor W. B. Powell, an eminent American physician and phrenologist, lately dead, bequeathed his head to one of his pupils, a Mrs. Kinsey.—The executor of the deceased employed Dr. Curtis, of Cincinnati, to take off his head, which is now in the possession of the fortunate legatee. What will she do with it? We never heard of a foot being bequeathed by any body. There is, however, the legacy of a hand on record. The will of Philip Thicknesse, Esquire, who died during the last century, runs thus: "I desire that after my death my right hand may be cut off and sent to Lord Dudley, that he may see the hand dead which when living had not only often given him many guineas in his youth, which his father wanted in his age, as well as an expensive education, with a view of what he *was to be*, rather than what he *then was;* sincerely hoping thereby that such a deadly sight may awaken his deluded mind, and teach him his duty to God, that he may obtain pardon for his neglect of a father who once loved him with unbounded affection, and who dying forgives him, as he does all his enemies." Few persons, we dare say, would be inclined to consider the legacy a handsome one; but the story is pathetic.

An inhabitant of London, who lived about four centuries ago, left eight shillings to be expended annually in the purchase of fagots with which to burn heretics. John Hodge has kept his name out of oblivion by giving twenty shillings a year to a poor man to go about the parish church of Trysall during sermon-time to keep people awake and dogs out of church. Henry Green, of Melbourne, Derbyshire, gave his property to provide green waistcoats for four poor women every year, such waistcoats to be trimmed with green galloon lace. In the same neighborhood, and inspired by a similar feeling, Thomas Gray provided gray waistcoats and gray coats. John Nicholson, a London stationer, was so attached to his family name that the bulk of his property was given in charity for the support and maintenance of such poor persons in England as shall appear to be of the name of Nicholson—a very catholic benefaction, certainly. Then we have "The Brown Bequest," published a short time ago. Joseph Brown, Esq., of Goldsworthall, left a splendid estate to endow a hospital in Sillerton for the education of boys of the name of Brown, preference being given to those who combine the prefix of Joseph with the surname. According to one of Brown's executors, the enormous sum of £50,000 is being expended upon the buildings, and all for the accommodation of only *nineteen* boys. We incline to think that so magnificent a fortune might have been turned to much better account. The executors purpose to exhibit "in a glass case, in the great entrance-hall of the institution, the original ragged coat in which the founder came to Sillerton, in March, 1794." This story of the tattered coat reminds us of another instance where an extraordinary *penchant* for present as well as posthumous admiration may lead a man to commit an act of the most egregious folly, vanity, and bad taste. In the museum of the Chambers' Institution, at Peebles, which was founded at a cost of some £20,000, there may be seen, carefully bracketed to the wall, a small box or chest, on the lid of which there is an inscription to this effect: "This box belonged to William Chambers when an apprentice in Edinburgh, between the years 1814 and 1819, and which then contained all he possessed in the world." Incredible as it may seem, the inscription, as we happen to know, is in the handwriting of the founder himself, who is no other than the senior member of the well-known firm of publishers. Surely this is pushing "Chambers's Information for the People" to the very utmost. While one man endows a college, another provides for a cat. With others the *ruling passion* has been for dogs, horses, and parrots. Thus the will of Sir Jacob Hanslar, who died so recently as 1867, contained an annuity to his servant, and £10 to provide food for his parrot. Mrs. Hannah White, in 1798, left in trust to one of her servants the sum of £25 per annum for the maintenance of five favorite cats "during the term of their natural lives."

About the same date (1790) we find the Right Hon. Henry Morrice, of Grove House, Chelsea, bequeathing his seat to Mrs. Luther, under the following very singular restrictions: All the horses and dogs on the premises were to be carefully fed and attended to until they died a natural death, and his own servant was to have two rooms in the house as long as he lived. In default of such attention to the animals, Mrs. Luther would have only a life-interest in the premises; but if she fulfilled the intentions of the will the estate would be absolutely at her own disposal. All the animals and the servant being dead, the estate was put up for sale in 1819. Regarding Mr. Morrice, Colman, in his "Random Records," says, "I remember seeing this place, and the then master of it, one morning, when I was a lad. On entering the court-yard we were assailed by a very numerous pack of curs in full cry; this was occasioned by Mr. Morrice's humanity toward animals. All the stray mongrels which happened to follow him in London he sent down to his villa. He had a mare in his stables called 'Curious,' who, though attended with the greatest care, was almost a skeleton from old age. Many of his horses enjoyed a luxurious sinecure. During summer they were turned into his park, where, in sultry weather, they reposed beneath the shade of the trees, when a boy was employed to flap the flies from their hides. The honors shown by Mr. Morrice to his beasts of burden were only inferior to those which Caligula lavished on his charger." The testator, in this instance, showed his affection for his horses and dogs by conferring annuities upon them. A very different feeling, however, operated with the late Mr. Borlase Wingfield. Mr. Wingfield was a wine and spirit merchant near Harwood, where he died in August, 1867. In his will he requested that his horse, to which he was much attached, should follow him to the grave, afterward have a good feed of corn, and then be destroyed. The injunction was strictly carried out. The horse, with the closed carriage of the deceased, followed in the rear of the funeral procession, and the next day, after being well fed with corn, it was taken to the side of a pit which had been dug in a field adjoining the residence of its late master, and there "blown" by a veterinary surgeon. The operation was performed in the following manner: The jugular vein was opened, and an iron pipe having been inserted in the vein, the pipe was blown down until the horse expired, which occurred in about half a minute. Mr. Wingfield had also requested that the whole of his domestic animals might be destroyed at the same time, and buried with the horse. Several cats were accordingly drowned, and the remains of a faithful dog which had died about a month before were exhumed, and all were buried in one grave. The testator left bequests to the whole of his servants, but, as was jocularly remarked at the time, the servants were not to be destroyed! We have had more than one instance of late of a person disposing of his or her surplus cash to found a Refuge for homeless cats; and a few years ago one of the partners of a well-known firm of drapers in London left the enormous sum of £30,000 with which to build a Home for stray dogs. The deceased's relatives have been striving hard ever since to get the will set aside, but apparently without success.

Mrs. Margaret Thompson's last will and testament is something unique. Her passion was not for dogs or cats, but for Scotch snuff. She died at her house in Boyle Street, Burlington Gardens, in 1776, and her will set forth that as it was usual to put flowers into the coffins of departed friends, and she had never found any flowers so fragrant and refreshing as the precious powder, her old and trusty servant, Sarah Stuart, was to take care her body was covered with the best Scotch snuff. Six men, the greatest snuff-takers in the parish of St. James, were to carry her to the grave, each wearing a snuff-colored beaver hat instead of mourning; and the half-dozen old maids, selected to act as pall-bearers, were to be supplied with boxes of snuff wherewith to refresh themselves on the road. The officiating clergyman was to be paid five guineas on condition that he walked in front of the coffin, and "took a certain quantity, not exceeding one pound" of the same. Sarah got £20 on condition that she strewed at least two bushels of the said snuff at the door of the testatrix's residence, and walked before the corpse for the purpose of distributing "every twenty yards a large handful of Scotch snuff to the ground and upon the crowd." Lastly, to every legacy bequeathed by Dame Thompson was attached a gift of one pound of what she called "the grand cordial of nature." The story of another old lady and her tea may appropriately follow. Mr. Day, the founder of Fairlop fair, had a housekeeper who had lived with him for thirty years, and was equally eccentric. She had two strong attachments; one to her wedding-ring and garments, the other to tea. When she died Mr. Day would not permit her ring to be taken off. If that were attempted, he said, she would come to life again. He directed that she should be buried in her wedding-dress, and a pound of tea in each hand. These directions were literally obeyed. It is a sad reflection on the frailty of human nature that some persons do not allow their resentments to sleep with them in the grave, but leave behind them wills which excite the bitterest animosities among their surviving relatives and friends.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER LII.

AND THE WORLD RUNS MERRY AS HERETOFORE.

IT was evening at Auriel; a sad-hued evening, full of damp vapors and wan colors; only in the west was the dull, sodden earth glorified, and there every leaf that quivered in the glow of the rosy light appeared a tiny blaze of gold; elsewhere all was desolate-looking; the bare boughs were soaked black by rain, the tawny foliage lay thick over the rose-beds, or made bronze colored circles round the dead-looking shrubs.

It was very dreary, Lady Diana thought, as she walked up the avenue on her way to the house. When she drew nearer to the huge red building with its long range of windows glittering in those last fierce beams of the winter sun, she paused with a sudden terror lest eyes by her unseen might be watching her approach from behind those uncanny-looking squares.

Then she reasoned herself into composure. Who even of her intimates would recognize her thus, muffled up in dark clothes—a thick veil obscuring her face, a black velvet net concealing the brightness of her hair; even her gloves were black, and her pretty feet were disfigured by clumsy-looking shoes.

She walked on toward the door, but her heart beat so fast as she stood on the threshold that she felt suffocated, and it was some minutes before she nerved herself to give a tap, so feeble that a quick-eared mouse would scarcely have been startled by it, far less the deaf old woman who sat crooning over the kitchen hearth. Finding her appeal futile, and dreading, she scarce knew why, to rouse the echoes in that vast house, Lady Diana peered in at the only window through which she saw a gleam of fire-light, and looked intently at the scene before her.

Only one person was visible, and that was old Sally, who crouched over the fire with her hands crossed on her lap; she was half asleep, and her lips were murmuring some little lullaby which had stilled her babe's cry many weary years ago.

"There can be no one else in the house," the watcher thought; "she would not be so still and inactive if she were not alone."

Emboldened by this idea, Lady Diana lifted the latch of the side-door, and finding that it yielded to her touch, she walked in, and, directed by the fire-light, made her way to the kitchen.

"Who's that?" the old woman said, suddenly waking up and looking at her visitor with an air of suspicion.

"I hope I haven't startled you," Lady Diana said, kindly. Then she explained that she had been sent to Auriel by some friends of the girl who had lately died. "They wish me to make some little compensation to you for all your trouble," she added, judiciously, producing some gold; and old Sally's confidence was won at once.

"So you're a friend of the poor thing that's gone; well now I've often thought it strange no one come to see the last of her. Ah! how she did suffer, to be sure," the crone said, in a tone of melancholy satisfaction. "And she was carried out, ma'am, by that very door you just come in at."

Lady Diana shivered and looked round uncomfortably.

"Don't talk about it," she said, hastily. "I hate to hear of death."

"Well, it ain't much good shutting your eyes to him when you're sure to see him some day," Sally answered, composedly. "For my part, I'm ready for him. P'raps, if you spent fifty years in working to keep hunger from your inside and rheumatics from your limbs, you'd be tired out as I am. Poor Miss Azalea, she used to whirl about the house gay as a kitten, and sing something about life's being beautiful; but, bless you! that's all according to one's weekly wages and state of health. My life's been ugly enough."

"Did any one but yourself take care of that poor girl?" Lady Diana asked, abruptly. "I must make amends to every body, you know."

"There was only the old doctor. Maybe he won't be sorry to have a present for all his new carriage; and there's Mr. Douglas, but—"

"But what?" the other broke in with impatience.

"I was thinking, dear," the old woman answered, slowly, "that no one can comfort *him*, since not the Great Power of all has done it; he sits there—up stairs where she died—and he sleeps there at night, and sometimes, when I pass the door, I think I hear him calling her name; but softly, as if he feared to wake somebody."

"Is he there now?"

"I count he is."

"Could I look at him? Could I see him without his seeing me? I should like to carry back word how he looked; they would be sorry if he were ill; but I should be afraid he might be angry if he saw me," stammered Lady Diana.

"I don't think he'd take notice," Sally suggested, "if you was to go to the door (it mostly stands open) and look at him."

But her companion turned a shade paler under her veil, and shook her head.

"I dare not risk it," she murmured.

She had come to seek out this man that she might face the truth; but if her suspicions were correct, she would have met the awful eyes of the arisen dead sooner than his glance.

"He could never forgive, for he can never forget what my fault led him to," she thought. "And so my sin (a venial one after all) is magnified by his consequent crime; what a fool he was to come back that night! But what a fool I am—it may not be he after all. I declare, if it is not, I'll put up a memorial window to him in his parish church!"

"If we go to the top of them," Sally said, indicating the last flight of stairs, "you can stand behind me, and I warrant he won't notice us."

Lady Diana walked up to a dingy fragment of mirror which hung on the wall, and took heart when she observed how complete her disguise was; at the same time, with a pang of vexed vanity, she noted what an ungainly appearance she made.

"If he *did* recognize me by any chance," she meditated, "I should pull down my back hair as if by accident, and toss aside this ugly bonnet."

When they reached the door of Azalea's room she hung back with a desperate dread creeping over her heart.

She experienced that sudden sense of failure—failure of nerve, purpose, and physical power, which sometimes afflicts us when we are brought face to face with the peril which at a far distance we have wooed boldly.

Then her heart strengthened with resolution, such resolve as sustains the wretch who welcomes the final agony which puts an end to unavailing torture.

With a long-drawn sigh, and a face contracted with the pain of that moment of sharp anxiety, Lady Diana advanced to the threshold of the room indicated by the old woman, and leaning against the door-post saw into the interior of the chamber; and saw also in the recess of a window the bowed form of the man she sought.

The wan rays of the fading sun fell on his head and face, but not all the glory of full day could have evoked any responsive brightness from the deep gloom of those desolate eyes. He was looking, not at the rosy drift of clouds, nor at the flights of birds that blackened the red face of the sun. There was, in his glance, a certain sad wistfulness—the pathetic doubt of one who seeks an answer out of silence, who implores hope from darkness; but there was no interest or sympathy expressed in external objects. His countenance was set in the dull immobility of despair—despair such as no human being might remove or console. Lady Diana looked intently at the gray silken masses of hair, at the deep lines under the eyes, at the ashen cheeks and withered hands, crossed listlessly one over the other, and breathed more freely. The man she remembered, the man whom she had feared to recognize to-day, had worn a very different aspect. Stuart Merton's hair was of a sunny brown, his forehead white, and his full lips red; his cheeks had always been pallid, but when they last touched hers in his parting embrace they were as smooth as ivory, and unscarred by a single wrinkle; he had been tall and broad-shouldered, carrying his head with a certain proud grace, not unbecoming to one whose heart was rich with happiness. This aged and withered man, sitting so strangely quiet in the gathering dusk, bore no resemblance to him whom the sea had sucked down into its depths eighteen years ago.

Some books were lying partially open on the table, and written papers, on which the ink was dry, were spread before him.

The wan streaks of sunset that were narrowing toward the west presently streamed over a vase filled with dead flowers, which stood near him, and over a piece of blue ribbon, which, trailing close to the glass goblet, cast a dim reflection of its hue on to the slender transparent stem of the cup.

Glancing mechanically at the varying color of the glass, Douglas's eyes presently fell on the ribbon, and in an instant the whole expression of his face changed; the lips quivered, the eyes shone out under a sudden blur of tears like stars dimmed by mist. He took the ribbon in his hands gently, as if it were a living thing which would shrink from a rough touch. As he caressed this with tender fingers, babbling some inarticulate murmur of love, every hard line relaxed as all the tense composure of despair gave way. Something of youth's fire and youth's mobility returned to his face in the sudden storm of passion which swept over it. As the dying light shone on his eyes, all afire with the pain of memory, on his lips, tremulous in their struggle to keep grief restrained, his changed expression was revealed to the watcher at the door. She involuntarily shrank back a few steps, and, as she put her hand to her heart, she could scarcely repress a groan, as, with a great throb of terror, she admitted the suspicion that this man's countenance was not, after all, unfamiliar to her.

"I can not tell, I can not be sure," she moaned to herself; "how am I to decide it without risk of detection?"

She stretched out her head, so as to get a fuller view of the occupant of the room without obtruding herself on his notice. She did not again stand in the doorway, but peered round with the lithe grace and attitude of a bird watching an inimical approach; then, with a sudden access of resolution, with a desperate desire to terminate this great pain of doubt, she crouched yet farther out of sight, and called, in a tone strangely hoarse and troubled—

"Stuart—Stuart Merton!"

She was conscious of his startled gesture; of a pale face looking in the direction of the door; and then, as his tall figure uprose and moved toward her through the gloom of that lonely chamber, she put out her hands with the desire to clutch at those of the old woman who had accompanied her; praying, in a choked whisper, "Take me away; keep me from his sight:" but the old woman was gone. She had wearied of standing there in the dark, cold atmosphere, when her little fire down stairs was blazing a welcome for her, and so she stole away while Lady Diana lingered; and the latter felt voice and hands alike become powerless, as with a sick sensation about her heart, and a dull film closing over her eyes, she lost all consciousness, and dropped down in a heap at her husband's feet.

When Lady Diana awoke to the pain of returning sense she felt like one who moves in the dull atmosphere of a dream; a dream encumbered by the presence of a hideous terror.

What was this dark chamber illumined only by the fitful blazes of a wood fire? and who was he who sat opposite to her, looking intently at the flaring light?

It was not until she saw the sheen of a blue ribbon, which dangled from his neck, that she thoroughly realized the full trouble of her waking state. This was Stuart, then; the Stuart whom for so many years she had believed to be physically naught; this was the body which was thought to have resolved into dust; and from his deep-set eyes gleamed indications of the soul which she had imagined to be existent in the realms of unknown beatitude.

She dared not give herself time to reflect, fearing lest her tongue might again freeze with fear, and feminine weakness interfere with what she felt it to be best to do. She was agitated and unnerved by the mental struggle of the last two days. She was in part afraid, and in part remorseful. Imagination with her sometimes supplied the place of what in a nobler woman would be called a heart; and a strange pang of repentance pierced her; a glow of shame made her cheek hot as she remembered what her life had been since she parted from this man, who sat there motionless in the twilight; the very sight of him, and the memories he evoked, were, in themselves, her punishment and condemnation.

Douglas was wearing the same absent look in his eyes as when she first saw him in the light of the dreary winter sun. He did not notice her return to consciousness, of which, indeed, she gave no outward sign, excepting in the irrepressible quiver of her lids, and a slight tremulous movement of her pale lips.

For a while she looked at him stealthily, not daring to break the grim silence. Then, with a quick movement of her hand, she disengaged the masses of fair hair from their disfiguring net, freed herself of the heavy shawl which concealed her figure, and rising up before him, stood for an instant as if irresolute, and then sank down, clinging to his knees, an embodiment of Correggio's Magdalen—a Magdalen in grace of form, in softness of disheveled tresses—tresses which made a glory of soft light over Douglas's black garb and folded hands; a Magdalen in penitence of face and in her shamed attitude; a Magdalen who believed herself to be suffering the pangs of remorse, but who was in reality only writhing under the wound of detection—one, in fact, who would sin again as soon as she had secured herself against the mischances of discovery.

Still clasping his knee, she cried out, "Forgive! forgive!"

She did not venture to lift up her face to his; she did not dare to counterfeit joy in meeting his eyes; she felt that such an assumption would be impossible to her, and would seem incredible to him; she could only wail out all her terror and remorse in a passionate entreaty for pardon.

"Oh, forgive me!" she cried. "Oh, Stuart, speak just one word to say that I need not fear a curse in your eyes."

A flush of color had come back to her cheeks, and her hair gleamed like gold in the light of the fire. Her sleeves had fallen back from her outstretched arms, revealing their fair roundness. As she wound them tighter about his knees, he was reminded of the strange sinuous beauty of Lamia.

"Won't you *know* me?" she said, at last, in a subdued, caressing tone. "Have you not one word to give Ana?"

He removed her quietly; not as if she was an object of aversion, but simply as something which inconvenienced him.

"Yes, I know you very well," he said, quietly; "but what then?"

Something in his tone exasperated her.

"Is that all you will say to me?" she answered, with somewhat of reproach in her tone.

A gleam of anger lit up his deep gray eyes. "I will say, if you will, that you are the devil who led me to do a murder. You have made memory a hell to me....... Do you remember that man who kissed you in the fond conviction that I was far distant and unconscious of my shame?...... Do you ever recall his living face as you last saw it, flushed with the feeling of your parting embrace?...... and did you see him afterward?"

She shivered, and bent her head lower. "No," she whispered. "I never saw him again. I knew he was there, close by; but I would not look at him."

"But does he never look at you?" Douglas said, his face brightening with nervous excitement. "Do you not see his dim set eyes, his pinched nostrils that never dilate with breath, but which grow every day more shriveled and contracted? Don't you see how all the proud blood had gone away from his wax-like face—all the brightness from his lank, dull hair? Does he never reproach you in your dreams, for not having given him 'more time?'—two hot, angry minutes sent his soul to God. I have thought sometimes, Ana, that those two minutes would be repaid to me by an eternity of hell; but God's mercy is the grand altar, the asylum for those who fly from the ban of their own consciences, and it is my hope that He has let me work out some of my penance here, so that I may yet meet her hereafter."

His voice died away in a murmur of prayer. He seemed to be appealing for the Divine consolation of which he had just spoken, and as he communed with Invisible Glory, his withered face became transfigured with a beauty surpassing that of youth.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE END AT LAST.

THE woman at his feet felt inexpressibly awed and humbled. Was this the husband who had gone mad for jealousy of her?—who had wrecked his whole because of her sin? Was his great love, and his great wrath for love's sake, all merged into a religious frenzy; or had much sorrow unsettled his fine intellect, making him a prey to all the troubled fancies and weird terrors of an infirm imagination?

"Is it you, Stuart?" she moaned, as she still crouched at his feet. "Are you the Stuart I knew—the Stuart who loved me?"

He looked at her with sudden anger in his face. "Why did you come to torment me?" he said, impatiently. "Have you not worked me trouble enough? Can not you let me be at rest? How can I obtain peace when you intrude on me all the cruel memories of the past? I look at you, and I see that dead man's eyes shining in the wicked light of yours. I see your tricks of gesture, your caressing hands; and I am reminded of the lie which blasted my prime of life. I tried to put it away from me—all the old sickening despair, the keen, deep wound of that blighted time. I succeeded so far as you were concerned; as years went on, and your worthlessness became more evident to me, as the glamour of love died away in my heart, and my eyes saw with the relentless clearness of truth, I loathed you for all the pain you had caused me. I shrank from the thought of you as a prisoner shrinks at the sight of the rack which has tortured his every limb. Passion was wept away in tears; the memory of you was more bitter than gall, and I prayed that your image might never cross my thoughts even in the unreality of dreams."

"Am I so horrible to you, then?" she faltered, looking up at him with deprecating eyes. "Can you not grant me one forgiving thought? I was guiltless of actual sin, Stuart, I swear it; I—"

"Bah!" he interrupted, impatiently; "what matters it? You were guilty enough to ruin me, and to murder that other. I have no sympathy for those women who desecrate their souls with the assumption of vices of which they are practically free. You feign love in your speech, polluting your lips the while with affirming kisses; you, for mere lust of vanity, draw on men toward a hell of temptation which ends in their damnation; your counterfeit love arouses in them all the hot tempest of disordered passions; you inflict real pain, while your assumed emotion is nothing but a pleasant diversion for your idle hours. Such women as you, Ana, are infinitely more contemptible than the poor wretches who grovel in actual sin, to escape the crave of famine and scorch of thirst; or those animal souls, mere slaves of the flesh, that err for the body's pleasure, and who are at least sincere in the ignoble indulgence of their brutish vices."

"You are too hard—at least you should hear me," Lady Diana said, in a low, broken voice.

"I do not care to hear you; I *know* you," the other answered, briefly. Then he looked down on her, and saw by the wavering light of a flame which played on her flushed cheek, and the golden threaded hairs which overswept it, that she was weeping.

"I dare say you think I have spoken too harshly," he said, in a gentler tone. "I have no wish to reproach you with my injuries. I have forgiven them. I had, in truth, forgotten you until you thrust yourself on me to-night—an evil memory of the past; but when I hear you, and such as you, boast yourself *guiltless*, I can not forbear the truth. I can not think God will hold you innocent. And I would recommend you to spend such future time as He allows you here, in endeavoring to secure a hope for the future."

She crept nearer to him, and once more entwined her arms in his in the movement. All the plenteous warmth of her tresses swept like a soft veil over his hands and knees. Then, finding that he did not repulse her, she arose for an instant, and then dropped down on his breast, softly and tenderly, as a bird sinks its bosom over the speckled darlings of its nest.

"Kiss me once before I go," she whispered, "that I may know that you forgive all."

Who can count the various phases of a coquette's nature?

She had sought him in fear and trembling, dreading lest he might burden her present with the old bitter claims of the past. She had encountered this man with the despair of him who turned to confront the awful shadow which dogged his steps, preferring definite misery to that haunting dread. She had thought of him with nervous loathing, and now, lo! she lay with her heart beating on his, her eyes, lips, and arms serving as so many allurements to woo back in his heart some of the old fire of his dead love.

She had been almost stunned by his indifference. It was so unexpected and so galling to her pride. She had expected reproaches and denunciation; she had not calculated on the contempt of unconcern. It vexed her exceedingly that he should be thus careless of her. Every instinct of her nature rebelled at his dispassion; her pampered vanity was mortified, and intuitively she sought to retrieve the mortification by the aid of her personal charms.

"Oh!" she murmured, as she tightened the coil of her fair arms round his throat; "do you forget that you once loved me, that for many happy nights my eyes closed in slumber on your breast? Will you not forgive, for the sake of those memories? Stuart, my husband, you are so dear to me still!" Her voice died away in a sigh.

The fire burned in a level red line in the grate; the wind outside sobbed and plained, like an echo of her grief; the darkness was thick in the room, save where the embers glowed, and her hair made light over his shoulders.

He bent his head down near to her face, his eyes lit with sudden fire; his lips trembled, his hands involuntarily taking such a fierce grip of her arms that she well-nigh wept afresh with pain and terror.

"Oh!" he groaned, "you are a devil, woman!—a devil sent from hell to wake a tempest in my soul. You would fain be omnipotent in your own low degree. You would arouse the gloom of the thunder, the fury of the whirlwind, and the blasting streak of flame, and then, with a light word, bid all be at rest, since you tire of the trouble you have made. When you grow weary, and perchance afraid, of the horror of your work, you cry in vain for heavenly peace, for the stillness of summer and the brightness of sunshine. You fling the fire-brand for the brief pleasure of seeing it blaze, and take no heed who weeps over the blackened ashes. Do not tempt me to feel the strife of earthly passion once more, lest all my penance be wasted. Take your beauty from my sight, lest I curse it in the name of an utterly lost soul. Go, go!"

He unclasped her lingering arms from around his neck, but she still cowered on his breast—weeping, oh so piteously; and entreating for one look of kindness—one kiss of forgiveness.

"Give me your pardon," she cried, "or I shall die with the sting of your wrath in my heart. You know, you know, that I *did* love you, Stuart!"

She sought to twine her hands in his as she spoke; but accidentally she stirred the blue ribbon which shimmered on the deep black of his mourning clothes. He recoiled from her, and pushed her hands away.

"I know that you *lie!*" he cried, fiercely. "Woman, you would profane death with dishonor. I am as one dead; I died with one whom I loved more dearly than ever I did you, and now my corpse shall not be shamed. For you, I damned my soul; for *her*, with God's help, I will work out salvation through repentance, and thus save my future."

He arose and left her crouching by his seat, her hair bright in the dull red of the fire, her face and clasped hands in dense shadow. He walked to the window, and, throwing it open, looked out into the darkness.

Outside was the lonely-sounding wind, the plash of rain, and the weird sense of measureless gloom; but the rough air was welcome to Douglas after the stifling oppression of her sweet, guilt-tainted breath. Presently a murky bank of clouds drifted away from the moon's face and revealed its pale glory, obscured only by a few troubled streaks of silvery-gray vapor.

As the pure beams broadened the wind subsided and the rain ceased; and in a little while all Auriel was luminous with their weird light.

Douglas's face was turned in the direction of the Auriel church-yard, as though he could see, through the masses of gray woodland, the glimmer of one little grave-stone, near which the winter flowers looked white, like all else in the moonlight.

When he next looked on the woman by the fire his eyes were gentler and his voice less stern.

"Ana," he said, "I do not presume to judge you. I can forgive all, even this last attempted fraud of your guileful nature; but a season may come when the Master of all Worlds, the Creator and the Preserver, the Destroyer and the Regenerator of all earthly atoms, will grow impatient of your impenitence. Take heed, lest you injure even mercy too greatly to be forgiven. You have lied all your life; you have come to me to-day with your old sins, stronger, and without the saving excuse of youthful folly. In earnest of my forgiveness, I ask you to repent; but do not molest me again. In arousing in me human passion, you may invoke the human desire of vengeance. I desire to be left with my God and my memory. Now go!"

She arose humbly enough, and without one more wasted word or gesture, went straight to the door.

She stopped there, and gave him one last look—such a one as a chidden hound may turn on the master hand. And then, finding her glance was not returned, she slowly passed through the doorway and disappeared in the darkness. As the soft rustle of her trailing robes was heard no more Douglas's face recovered somewhat of the repose which had distinguished it before her voice broke in on the solemnity of his desolation. When the trouble of doubt again perturbed his eyes he turned them upward, and sent the passionate appeal of his broken heart to the world which faith images as the pure soul's reward—

"O God, give me hope!"

* * * * * * *

* * * * * * *

What hope remains for such as these? I do not set up for a philosopher, and I dislike stories written on purpose to point a moral; but I affirm that life is more sad and more incomplete than writers are apt to admit. In the finis of the novelist we hear often of remorse which is assoiled by penitence, of ambition which seizes its crown, of passion jubilant with success, of bridal bells which clang joy for evermore to the fictitious heroes and heroines. But how is it in truth? Does hope always grasp its fruition? Is to repent to forget? Is love an Arcadian pastoral? Is it not rather a splendid tragedy? Whether its end be an agony of frustration or the despair of satiety, who can say that such end is peace?

The motto of life is imperfection. I have ventured to describe some phases of its failure, caused by defect of feeling in some of the personages I have introduced to the reader by excess of feeling in others. But life's soreness and life's delight, life's endeavors and life's indifference, are best embodied in the four lines from which I have taken the title of this story:

Why, let the strucken deer go weep,
The hart ungallèd play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep:
So runs the world away.

PRODUCTIVE AND UNPRODUCTIVE POPULATION.

THAT very industrious statistician, M. Maurice Block, in his latest publication, "L'Europe Politique et Sociale, 1869," enters into some detailed calculations on a minute and curious portion of his subject, which is not commonly taken into account in economical generalization.

The birth rate, as we all know, is very different in different countries of Europe, and so is the death rate. France may be taken as an example of the minimum of birth rate, together with a low death rate, though not quite so low as in the United Kingdom. In France, whatever the reason for the phenomenon may be, there are fewer births to a marriage than in any other part of Europe. The numbers vary from 4.77 children to a marriage (Russia) down to 2.55 to a marriage (France). On the other hand, the death rate in Russia is 3.59 per cent. per annum; in France, only 2.31 per cent.; in England, 2.10 per cent.

Now one obvious result of this state of things is the following, that France contains relatively a larger proportion of adults to children than any other European country. To follow again M. Block's calculations: France contains out of 10,000 inhabitants about 3500 only under twenty years of age, nearly 3300 above forty; Great Britain, 4500 under twenty, 2400 above forty; Ireland, nearly 5000 under twenty, only 2200 above forty. France is, comparatively, a land without children; Ireland, a land without old people.

Now, economically speaking, a country with a large number of children is one in which a large unproductive expenditure takes place. Children do not create wealth. M. Block reasons as follows: He supposes that every child under five costs the state $80 per annum, and produces nothing. Every person between five and twenty costs, on the average, $20, after making deduction for what his labor produces. Every person between twenty and sixty produces $200 net. Using these data, and using also those respecting the medium age of each individual of the population, we arrive at the following results: In France, the mean gain of each individual to the public—his contribution to the national wealth—amounts to upward of $98 60; in Great Britain, to $80 60; in the United States and in Ireland, only to $72 20.

Of course, the fallacies attending on such a calculation are obvious enough, and M. Block makes full allowance for them. The labor of an individual is more or less profitable to the state, not according to his age only, but according to his skill and energy, and according to the fertility of the soil, the wealth of the mines, and so forth, to which that labor is applied. Tried by these tests, it is very possible that the day's work of an inhabitant of the United States is worth twice that of an inhabitant of France. The mere test of age is, therefore, obviously insufficient. But it does not follow that because insufficient it is useless. Its application shows this: *cæteris paribus*—supposing, that is, labor to be in itself equally productive—a country like France, in which marriages are late and children few, has a great economical advantage over lands more affluent in young life. In Ireland—to take the opposite extreme—it seems as if a very large portion of the wealth of the country must be spent every year in feeding and bringing to maturity children who will emigrate to America when adult, and employ their whole wealth-producing power to enrich a foreign country. The case is precisely the same as if any given society were to devote its energies to the production of machinery, exporting the machinery when made without any return. There are many causes for the unhappy economical condition of Ireland; but we suspect that this one, indicated by the figures of M. Maurice Block, lies deeper at the root of it than politicians or economists have conjectured.

STEEL WATCH-CHAINS.

THE small steel chain which winds round the fusee of a watch is about eight inches in length, and contains upward of five hundred links, riveted together. It is not thicker than a horse-hair, and the separate links can but just be perceived with the naked eye. Modern invention has as yet discovered no substitute for this chain equal to it in slenderness, strength, and flexibility. Most of these watch-chains are manufactured at Christchurch, in Hants. The links are punched out by girls from plates of steel, and very young girls pick up the links, and rivet one to the other. Watch-chain manufacture has been the staple of Christchurch for nearly a century—in fact, ever since pocket watches began to be generally carried.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHAT is that which we often catch hold of and yet never see?—A passing remark.

Man is like a potato, never sure when he will get "into hot water."

He was a foolish fellow and inclined to go to extremes who, because he had a horror of capital punishment, refused to even execute a commission.

Some lawyers resemble folks who can sleep in any position. It is immaterial on which side they lie.

A FIT OF PASSION—Getting married.

An Illinois editor, speaking of a rogue who lived in his vicinity, says: "The rascal has broken every bank, jail, and Sabbath we have had in this vicinity for the last five years."

CIRCULATING MEDIUM—A clown to the ring.

The good people of R——, a small village not many miles from Cleveland, Ohio, were talking of moving their church-building to a pleasanter location. One Sabbath morning the minister took for his theme the "Rock of Ages," and in the middle of his discourse said, with considerable emphasis, "Who can move it?" A little Englishman, who had been napping, and was one of those desirous of having the church moved, jumped up, and started the congregation with "I'll bring over my yoke of steers and help." The which proposition was subsequently accepted.

The first chapter in a Western novel has the following: "All of a sudden the fair girl continued to sit on the sand, gazing upon the briny deep, on whose heaving bosom the tall ships went merrily by, freighted—ah! who can tell with how much of joy and sorrow, and pine lumber and emigrants, and hopes and salt fish?"

ODE TO A WATER-CART.

Sprinkle, sprinkle, water-cart!
How I wonder why thou art
More preferred than dust that flies
Sometimes in our face and eyes!

When the blazing sun is high,
When the streets are very dry,
Then you pour your drenching flood,
Changing dust to sticky mud.

Then the traveler in the street
Owes to you his dirty feet;
He scarce can tell which way to go,
While you squirt and drizzle so.

Through our crowded ways you dash;
Crossings and sidewalks both you splash;
For your drivers never care
How they make good people swear.

As you really lay the dust—
Though you raise my own disgust—
Still, as others take your part,
Sprinkle, sprinkle, water-cart!

"But if I put my money in the savings-bank," inquired one of the newly-arrived, "when can I draw it out again?" "Och," replied his friend, "sure an' if you put it in to-day you can draw it out again to-morrow by giving a fortnight's notice."

An old Baptist minister enforced the necessity of difference of opinion by this argument: "Now, if every body had been of my opinion, they would all have wanted my old woman."

One of the deacons who sat just behind him responded: "Yes, and if every body was of my opinion, nobody would have her."

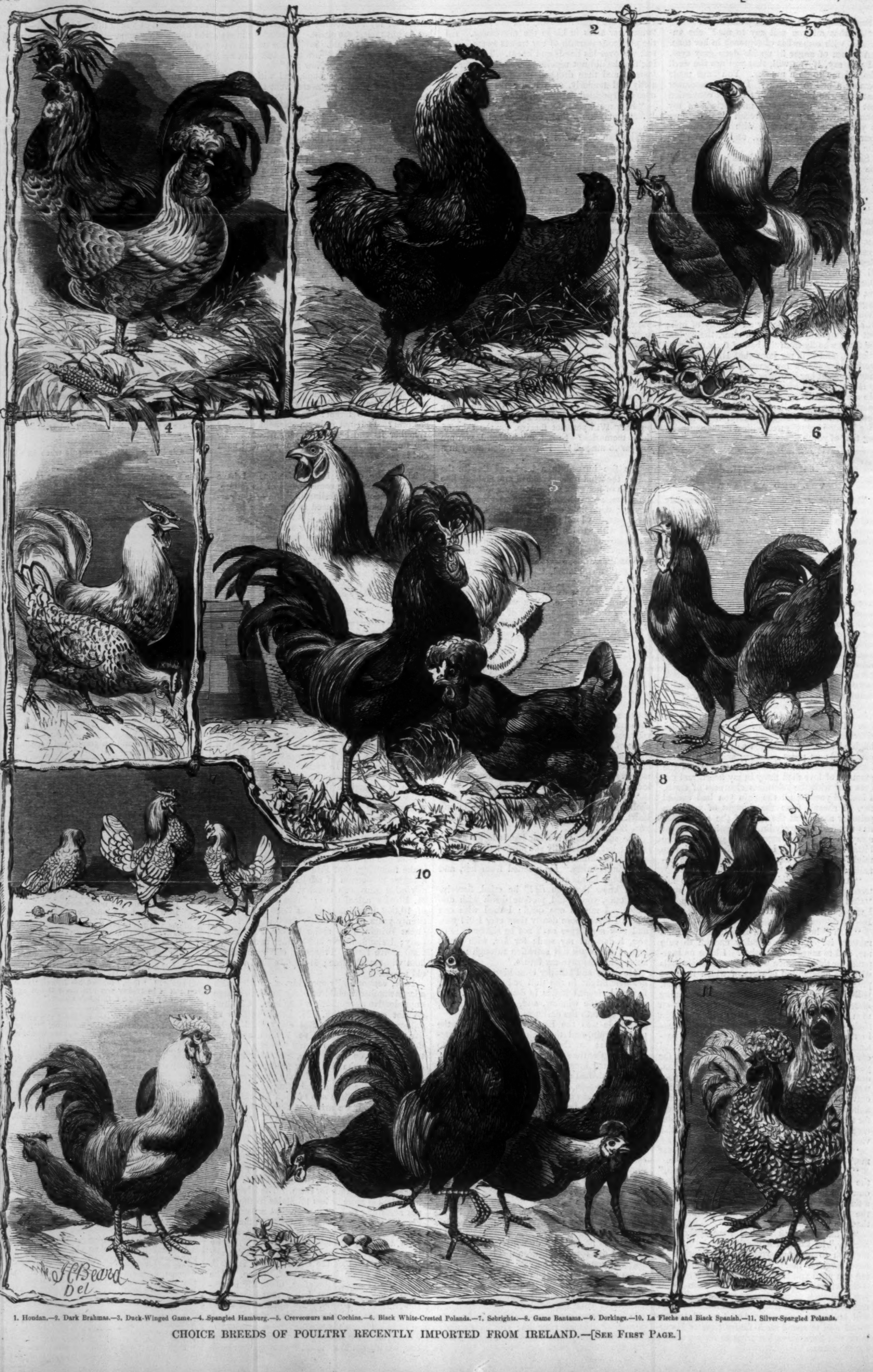
A cockney conducted two ladies to an observatory to see an eclipse of the moon. They were too late: the eclipse was over, and the ladies were disappointed. "Oh," exclaimed our hero, "don't fret; I know the astronomer well; he is a very polite man, and I am sure will begin again."

At Rouen recently a valiant officer of the National Guard was decorated by the Emperor. "Sire," he exclaimed, with effusion, "I am yours in life and in death; I served your uncle faithfully; I have received two wounds, one in the leg and the other at Wagram—" Here the Empress giggled audibly, and the veteran's speech came to an abrupt termination.

A richly-dressed lady stopped a boy trudging along with a basket, and asked, "My little boy, have you got religion?" "No, ma'am," said the innocent, "I've got potatoes."

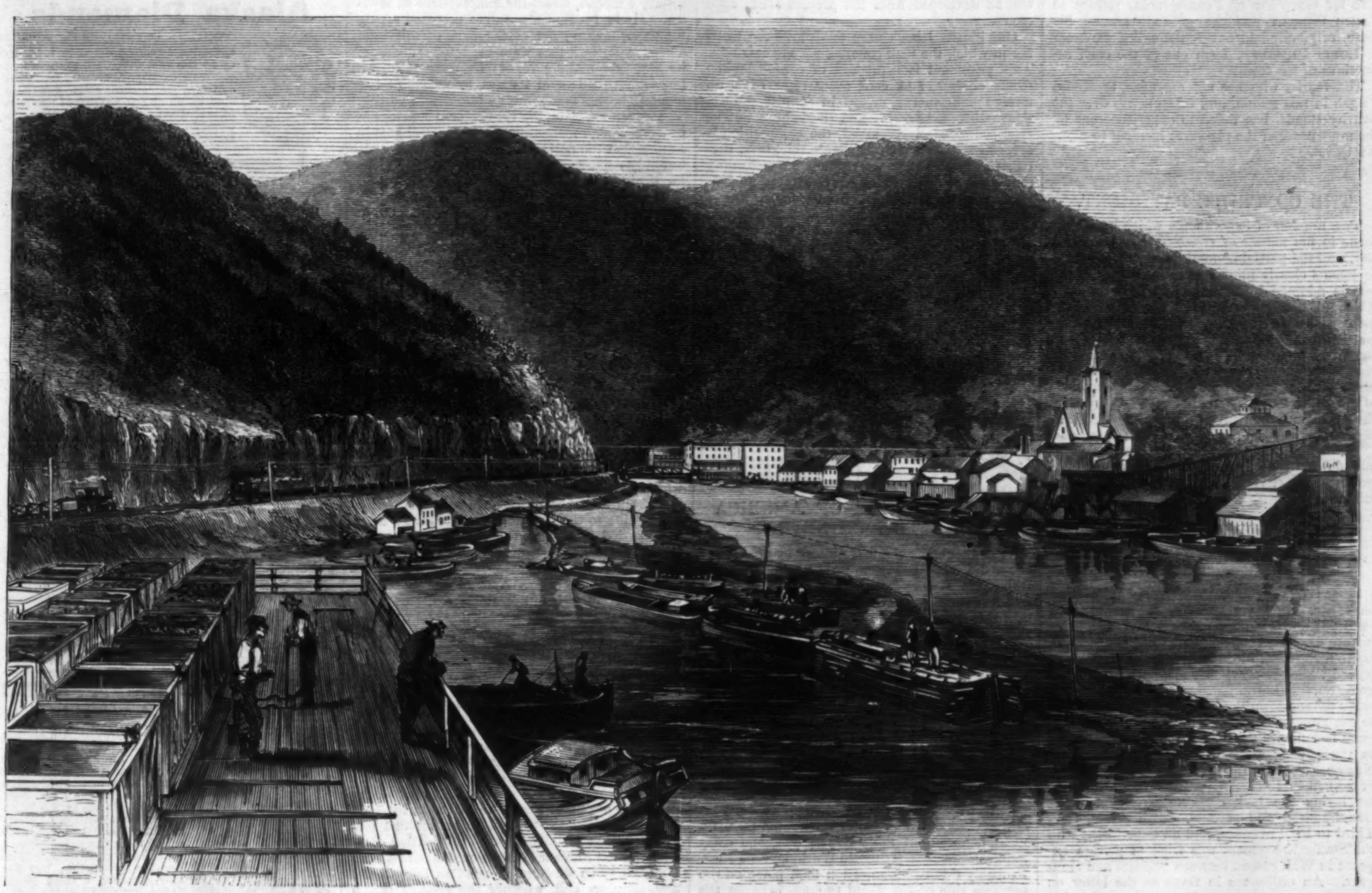
At a railway station an old lady said to a very pompous-looking gentleman who was talking about steam communication, "Pray, Sir, what is steam?" "Steam, ma'am, is—ah, steam is steam!" "I knew that chap couldn't tell ye," said a rough-looking fellow standing by; "but steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration."

A boarding-house keeper in the city has built him a suburban cottage. At the breakfast-table last Sunday the question of what it should be called was discussed, when a merry little lady present suggested "Hash Villa;" but it won't be called by that name.



1. Houdan.—2. Dark Brahmas.—3. Duck-Winged Game.—4. Spangled Hamburg.—5. Crevecœurs and Cochins.—6. Black White-Crested Polands.—7. Sebrights.—8. Game Bantams.—9. Dorkings.—10. La Fleche and Black Spanish.—11. Silver-Spangled Polands.

CHOICE BREEDS OF POULTRY RECENTLY IMPORTED FROM IRELAND.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



VIEW OF MAUCH CHUNK, CARBON COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

MAUCH CHUNK, PENNSYLVANIA.

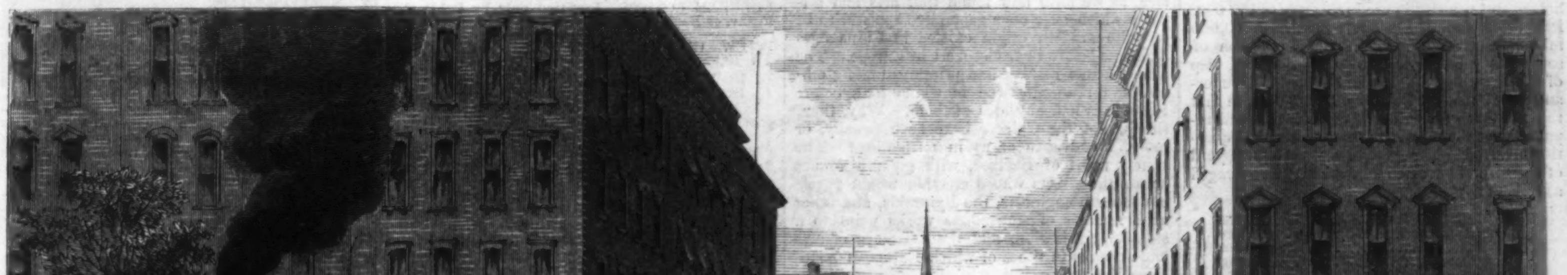
Mauch Chunk, the capital of Carbon County, is situated on the west bank of the Lehigh River, where that stream passes through the Mahoning Mountain. The town lies on both sides of Mauch Chunk Creek, and between the Mahoning and Sharp mountains. It is a location so contracted in breadth that it is really a long cañon. No room is afforded for gardens. The hills on either side rise precipitously to the height of several hundred feet; some of them are a thousand feet above the river. The name of the town is Indian, and signifies Bear Mountain.

The narrowness of the valley in which the town lies added greatly to the destructiveness of the memorable flood of 1862.

In 1818 the whole country in this vicinity was a complete wilderness. It was known, indeed, that anthracite coal was to be found here, but every attempt to get it to market had been baffled. In 1817 Josiah White, accompanied by G. F. Hanto, visited this region for the purposes of reconnoissance, the object of which was to ascertain the feasibility of using the Lehigh River to convey the coal to market. The prospect was any thing but encouraging, but it was determined to commence operations. Accordingly, roads were made from the mines to the Lehigh, and upon the latter were built a series of dams to aid the navigation by slack-water. Thus was established the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company. In 1832 the dependencies of this Company gave work to 400 men, principally miners, who, with their families, made a population of 2000. After passing through many a perilous crisis, and after an expense of $2,500,000, the enterprise was at last consummated.

The town is at present in a flourishing condition, the coal shipped from this point amounting to some millions of tons per annum. The Lehigh Valley Railroad, which is one of the best-managed roads in the country, affords the traveler admirable facilities for reaching this region, which is so remarkable for its picturesqueness that it has been termed the "Switzerland of America."

Judge Asa Packer, the Democratic candi-



WORKMEN LAYING THE CONCRETE PAVEMENT IN NEW YORK CITY.—Drawn by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 606.]

date for Governor of Pennsylvania, resides at Mauch Chunk; and the grounds around his place, originally laid out by the exiled gardener of LOUIS PHILIPPE, form one of the chief attractions of the town.

The tourist who has not ascended to Mount Pisgah in this region, and taken a trip over the Gravity Roads, has failed to experience one of the most novel of the pleasures incident to modern travel.

THE CONCRETE PAVEMENT.

THE number of experiments which have been made in the matter of street pavements in this city, and the partial or total failure of these experiments clearly illustrate the deficiency of the system adopted by our municipal government. This fault can be repaired only by the establishment of a bureau of construction and repairs, consisting of competent engineers, not subject to the interference of the Common Council, except possibly in the matter of expenditure. The success that has attended the limited independence of the Central Park Commissioners is a proof of the policy and economy of eliminating the question of politics from the conduct of public works.

The statistics of the several kinds of pavement laid down within twenty years, presented by a survey of the city, would stand approximately as follows:

	Square yards.
Stone-block	1,913,342
Nicolson	58,564
Fisk concrete (estimated)	5,000
Stafford (estimated)	700
Cobble-stone (estimated)	3,000,000

Since 1866 the cobble-stone pavement has gone out of use. During that year 17,254 square yards were put down—under contract 10,222, and at private expense 7032—but one ordinance looking to the laying of it in any part of the city being passed while the previously mentioned work was going on. This ordinance provided for a cobble-stone pavement on Bank Street from West Street to the river. The career of the Nicolson pavement began with the disuse of the cobble-stone, in the putting down of 490 square yards on Nassau Street in 1866, of 29,001 in 1867, and of 29,073 in 1868. A contract was also made for laying the Fisk concrete pavement along One-hundred-and-seventy-fourth Street, from Third to First avenues, and an experiment with the Stafford pavement was tried at private expense in Wall Street, between William and Hanover. An ordinance in favor of the latter on Seventh Avenue, between Fourteenth and Fifty-ninth streets, was also passed, together with six ordinances, amounting in all to 50,000 square yards, in favor of the Nicolson; six ordinances, amounting to about 60,000 square yards, in favor of the M'Gonegal; two ordinances, amounting to 40,000 square yards, in favor of the Brown & Miller; and three ordinances, involving about 20,000 square yards, in favor of the Fisk concrete; fifty-six ordinances, summing about 400,000 square yards of stone-block pavement, complete the provisions for the year.

It has been estimated that in the course of twenty-four hours 17,000 vehicles pass the Astor House, in Broadway, up or down. This would wear out the stone-block pavement once in every fifteen years. Estimating the number of horses and vehicles in use in this city at 150,000, it is calculated that not less than $10,500,000 might be saved annually by the adoption of some less grinding substitute for the hard trap of the Russ and Belgian and stone-block superstructure; and the inference may be drawn that the question of expense of construction and repairs is not the only important economical question involved. The relative cost per square yard of the several pavements in use may be averaged as follows:

Stone-block (Belgian)	$2 50
Russ, or stone-block with concrete bed.	3 20
Nicolson	4 00
Fisk concrete	2 60
Stafford	3 50

In Paris, since 1854, a strong preference has been manifested for the asphaltum pavement upon a concrete foundation. This pavement is very similar to the Fisk concrete, which is now being laid in the most fashionable streets of this city and in Central Park. As a rule, competent engineers express doubts as to the merits of the Nicolson and of wooden pavements of all patterns. The Stafford type of wooden pavement, though later in the field, possesses some advantages over the Nicolson, the principal of which are its simplicity and the ease with which it may be repaired. The wooden pavement question has been exhaustively settled in the negative by English experiments during the past twenty years. Its merits are its noiselessness, its reduction of the mortality of horses, its reduction of the wear and tear of vehicles, and its effecting a utilization of the utmost percentage of draught force, and these are all merits to an equal degree of the asphaltic road—may be made merits of any concrete whatsoever. The increased mortality in horses occasioned by the Russ and Belgian and other stone pavements in this city is estimated at 3500 annually—an item of considerable importance in the discrimination between pavements for thoroughfares. As between the two typical structures, the Belgian and the Nicolson, from data already supplied, it may be estimated that, with the attrition of Broadway, the former would last fifteen years against a duration of half that period in the case of the latter.

The concrete pavement—the value of which has been happily settled in Paris—effects a union of the better qualities of both the wooden and the stone block, without the objections appertaining to either, and, as the minds of engineers and inventors are already beginning to turn in this direction, nothing is hazarded in predicting that the ideal or coming pavement will be developed from the present crude concretes.

Our illustration on page 605 shows the manner in which the Fisk concrete pavement is laid. This pavement is composed of gravel, broken stone, cinders, and coal ashes (free from all foreign substances), mixed in definite proportions with tar, rosin, and asphaltum. The road-bed, properly prepared, the composition is spread on in layers of moderate thickness, successively rolled with heavy rollers for uniformity and compactness. These layers form a sufficiently strong roadway of from a half to three-quarters of a foot in depth, and can be put down at an expense, per square foot, not exceeding the expense of the asphalt road as constructed in Paris. It remains for years and attrition to test the practical value of this concrete; but, in general, it may be remarked, that it is heartily and highly commended by thoughtful engineers as a step in the right direction. The sonorousness of the hoof-beat, as enabling the pedestrian to measure the imminence of passing vehicles, is an element of concretes over wooden pavements, illustrated in an eminent degree by the asphaltic road, the value of which as a preventive of accidents can not be overestimated. This style of pavement has been adopted by the Central Park Commissioners.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY THE CHINESE.

WAS Columbus the first discoverer of America, or did he only rediscover that continent after it had, in remote ages, been found, peopled, and forgotten by the Old World? It is curious that this question has not been more generally raised, for it is very clear that one of two things must be true: either the people whom Columbus found in America must have been descended from emigrants from the Old World, and therefore America was known to the Old World before Columbus's time, or else the aborigines of the western hemisphere were the result of spontaneous human generation—the development of man from a lower species of animal, or descended from a second Adam and Eve, whose origin would be equally puzzling. Unless we are prepared to cast aside Holy Writ, and all our general notions of the origin of the human race, we must believe that there was at one time communication between the Old World and the New. Probably this communication took place on the opposite side of the world to ours, between the eastern coast of Asia and the side of America most remote from Europe; and I believe it is quite possible that the inhabitants of Eastern Asia may have been aware of the existence of America, and kept up intercourse with it while our part of the Old World never dreamed of its existence. The impenetrable barrier the Chinese were always anxious to preserve between themselves and the rest of the nations of the Old World renders it quite possible that they should have kept their knowledge of America to themselves, or at any rate, from Europe. The objection that the art of navigation in such remote times was not sufficiently advanced to enable the Chinese to cross the Pacific and land on the western shore of America is not conclusive, as we have now found that arts and sciences which were once generally supposed to be of quite modern origin existed in China ages and ages before their discovery in Europe. The arts of paper-making and printing, among others, had been practiced in China long before Europeans had any idea of them. Why, then, should not the Chinese have been equally, or more, in advance of us in navigation? The stately ruins of Baalbec, with gigantic arches across the streets whose erection would puzzle our modern engineers, the Pyramids, and other such remains of stupendous works point to a state of civilization, and the existence of arts and sciences in times of which European historians give no account.

One fact, corroborative of the idea that the Old World, or at least some of the inhabitants of Asia, were once aware of the existence of America before its discovery by Columbus is, that many of the Arabian *ulema* with whom I have conversed on this subject are fully convinced that the ancient Arabian geographers knew of America; and in support of this opinion point to passages in old works in which a country to the west of the Atlantic is spoken of. An Arab gentleman, a friend of mine, General Hussein Pasha, in a work he has just written on America, called *En-Nessr-Et-Tayir*, quotes from Djeldeki and other old writers to show this.

There is, however, among Chinese records not merely vague references to a country to the west of the Atlantic, but a circumstantial account of its discovery by the Chinese long before Columbus was born.

A competent authority on such matters, J. Haulay, the Chinese interpreter in San Francisco, has lately written an essay on this subject, from which we gather the following startling statements drawn from Chinese historians and geographers.

Fourteen hundred years ago even America had been discovered by the Chinese and described by them. They stated that land to be about 20,000 Chinese miles distant from China. About 500 years after the birth of Christ, Buddhist priests repaired there, and brought back the news that they had met with Buddhist idols and religious writings in the country already. Their descriptions, in many respects, resemble those of the Spaniards a thousand years after. They called the country "Fusany;" after a tree which grew there, whose leaves resemble those of the bamboo, whose bark the natives made clothes and paper out of, and whose fruit they ate. These particulars correspond exactly and remarkably with those given by the American historian, Prescott, about the maquay-tree in Mexico. He states that the Aztecs prepared a pulp for paper-making out of the bark of this tree. Then, even its leaves were used for thatching; its fibres for making ropes; its roots yielded a nourishing food; and its sap, by means of fermentation, was made into an intoxicating drink. The accounts given by the Chinese and Spaniards, although a thousand years apart, agree in stating that the natives did not possess any iron, but only copper; that they made all their tools, for working in stone and metals, out of a mixture of copper and tin; and they, in comparison with the nations of Europe and Asia, thought but little of the worth of silver and gold. The religious customs and forms of worship presented the same characteristics to the Chinese fourteen hundred years ago as to the Spaniards four hundred years ago. There is, moreover, a remarkable resemblance between the religion of the Aztecs and the Buddhism of the Chinese, as well as between the manners and customs of the Aztecs and those of the people of China. There is also a great similarity between the features of the Indian tribes of Middle and South America and those of the Chinese, and, as Haulay, the Chinese interpreter of whom we spoke above, states, between the accent and most of the monosyllabic words of the Chinese and Indian languages. Indeed, this writer gives a list of words which point to a close relationship; and infers therefrom that there must have been emigration from China to the American continent at a most early period indeed, as the official accounts of Buddhist priests fourteen hundred years ago notice these things as existing already. Perhaps now old records may be recovered in China which may furnish full particulars of this question. It is at any rate remarkable and confirmative of the idea of emigration from China to America at some remote period, that at the time of the discovery of America by the Spaniards the Indian tribes on the coast of the Pacific, opposite to China, for the most part, enjoyed a state of culture of ancient growth, while the inhabitants of the Atlantic shore were found by Europeans in a state of original barbarism. If the idea of America having been discovered before the time of Columbus be correct, it only goes to prove that there is nothing new under the sun; and that Shelly was right in his bold but beautiful lines—"Thou canst not find one spot whereon no city stood." Admitting this, who can tell whether civilization did not exist in America when we were plunged in barbarism? and, stranger still, whether the endless march of ages in rolling over our present cultivation may not obliterate it, and sever the two hemispheres once again from each other's cognizance? Possibly, man is destined, in striving after civilization, to be like Sisyphus, always engaged in rolling up a stone which ever falls down.

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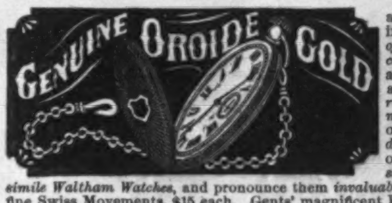

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